This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

600059528Z

THE

CASTLE OF SANTA FE.

A Novel.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY

A CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER,

AUTHOR OF

JEALOUSY, OR THE DREADFUL MISTAKE.

Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Thro' all her works), He must delight in virtue;
And that which He delights in, must be happy.

ADDISON.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
PRINTED AT THE
Minerva-Press,
FOR LANE, NEWMAN, AND CO.
LEADENHALL-STREET.
1805.

249. 8. 693.

THE

CASTLE OF SANTA FE.

CHAP. I.

So as they travell'd on, the drouping night,
Cover'd with cloudie storme and bitter showre,
That dreadful seem'd to ev'ry living wight,
Upon them fell before her timely houre;
That forced them to seek some covert bowre.
Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,
And shroude their persons from that stormy stowre.

FAIRY QUEEN.

ALTHOUGH Adeliza's frame trembled, yet was her mind immoveably fixed as to

her deportment and language in the presence of her two persecutors. She was met at the door of the green saloon by the Duke. The Marquis did not appear.

Adeliza seated herself. The Duke took a chair next her.

"Am I, Miss Pembroke, to conclude that a night's reflection has taught you to consider better of what you yesterday chose to conceal? I cannot suppose you will be so infatuated, as to persevere in denying the knowledge you certainly must have, where the Marchioness is secreted."

"I am at a loss to conjecture what can possibly have induced your Grace to take up so extraordinary a notion, or what part of my conduct can authorize you to suspect me guilty of such base ingratitude, such mean, no less than culpable conduct? I, Sir, know nothing of the

dear

dear Marchioness. Would to Heaven I did! I should not then feel so very wretched on her account as I now do!"

"You talk plausibly, Miss Pembroke."

"And will even act, my Lord, with innocence and integrity."

"If this is the case, why did you scruple to shew that letter to the Marquis, and which he said would satisfy him of your innocence, unless you had some powerful motive you were ashamed to confess, for keeping the contents a secret?"

"I had, my Lord Duke, reasons for not shewing the letter; but not such as I had any cause to be ashamed of. Of this, however, be assured, that, let the consequences be what they may, I will submit to them, rather than take one step more towards proving my innocence, which is

(and ought to be by you, my Lord Duke), unsullied."

"Reflect, Adeliza, I as a friend advise you, before you hastily decide; your determination once made, you cannot, if you would, revoke it."

"I have, my Lord, no choice in the case, or I should instantly say I would return to England; but this is not allowed me: therefore it is but mockery to desire me to say what I would do."

"Once more I charge you to confess all you know concerning the Marchioness, and you shall be your own mistress."

Adeliza looked at the Duke, but deigned not to answer. Provoked by her cold contempt, he bit his lips.

"Then, Madam, if such be your rash determination, you must abide by the sad consequences;

consequences; and in solitary confinement you may have ample leisure to ruminate on your unfortunate choice, when indeed it will be too late to alter it."

"Solitude, my Lord Duke, has no terrors for me; conscience can never even there reproach me; happiness and I, alas! have taken a long farewell of each other! My parents dead——"

"Dead," said the Duke, in a mournful tone, heavily sighing, "dead, did you say, Adeliza?"

"I did indeed, and with them vanished my happiness! Those I fancied were my friends, accuse me of crimes my very soul shudders at the bare mention of. What then is left me in this world, but silent sorrow and sequestered regret? If your Grace can reconcile your conduct towards me to the dictates of conscience, do with me

as you think fit; it is now a matter of indifference what becomes of me."

"Not quite so much so as you may imagine, Adeliza. Think not, if you strive to exasperate me, that I want the means of punishing you; my just vengeance may extend farther than you at present suspect."

"Your threats," said Adeliza, calmly, "cannot pursue me beyond the grave, and on this side of it, I expect not comfort; yet that Almighty Power, who beholds our most secret actions—nay, judges our inmost thoughts, will not suffer those who act under the influence of wilful, much less malicious error, always to prosper. A day of dreadful retribution assuredly will come—perhaps, in this world; how then, when the righteous shall tremble, will the guilty stand confounded, and terribly dismayed. Putting my humble hope in

in the mercy of that all-powerful Being, and trusting, cheerfully trusting, that he will enable me to bear with fortitude all that hereafter may befal me, I defy all human ills."

The Duke regarded the interesting enthusiast with wonder and momentary adoration; but this soon subsided into detestation of what he still considered as consummate art.

"You may," said he, "if you think proper, retire to your apartment; the Marquis you will see no more, as in beholding you, he sees the ruin of his happiness. In the afternoon we shall meet again; till then adieu!"

Adeliza answered not; but rising, left his presence with composed dignity. Soon after, Josephine came running, almost out of breath, into her room.

"Oh, dear Miss Pembroke, I am so glad to see you, even if it is but for a moment; for my Lord Duke declared to me, that if he heard of my exchanging a single word with you, he would turn me out of doors. But I don't mind that—I would lay down my life to serve you."

Adeliza felt grateful for the attachment of the good girl, but begged she would immediately leave her, and not subject herself to the anger of the Duke. Adeliza made her a present of a little gold pin she usually wore in her handkerchief, which Josephine regarded as of immense value; nor did she leave her dear young lady's room, without many tears and prayers for her ease and happiness.

The day was spent by Adeliza in comfortless solitude; her dinner was brought to her, and but that once she saw a human

face.

face. She endeavoured, as much as possible, to banish her fears, which the consciousness of having always acted uprightly, greatly contributed to remove.

It was now about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the day beginning to close. While she sat watching the sun as it slowly sank behind the stupendous hills, some one tapped at her door. Supposing it to be Josephine, she said—"Come in." The door opened, and she started from her seat on seeing the Duke enter.

"I see your surprise, Miss Pembroke, at my presence here, but now I come as a friend. It will, in all human probability, be some time ere we meet again; and as, by your own choice, you are going to take a long journey, I think it would be advisable for you to wrap yourself up."

"A long journey, my Lord Duke!—With whom—and for what?"

"Those you travel with, are men in whom I repose the firmest confidence: they will treat you with civility—such are my commands; but they have sworn, by the Holy Virgin, to be faithful to my interest. Within half an hour you leave the Castle of Santa Fe. Your next abode you will find rather different; but that you have chosen for yourself."

"Do not, my Lord, mock me, by talking of my choice—I have no alternative; but allow me to ask, how you can reconcile this usurped authority to the demands of justice, and the rights of hospitality. My friends will surely require me at your hands;—the disappearance of two females in so short a time, will, if I mistake not, look

look not a little suspicious. But I have done. If I must be exposed to the inclemency of the elements, I may as well provide against it."

She took up her hat, and calmly tied on her cloak.

"If, my Lord Duke, I am compelled to obey your commands, tyrannical and unjustifiable as they are, I shall make no resistance; but of this, my Lord, be assured—the time will come—I feel, I am confident it will—when truth and innocence shall triumph over cruelty and oppression."

The Duke did not answer to this, but walked out of the room, and in a commanding tone ordered her to follow. She did so, and he led the way to the green saloon. Her heart sickened as the Duke approached the door leading to the garden, calling on the name of Horatio. Though

not a little terrified, yet she disdained to express her fears and apprehensions. The person called, entered; and the Duke held a conversation with him some minutes in the Moorish tongue, while Adeliza had leisure to contemplate this formidable figure. He was tall and gigantic; his complexion almost an olive, his eyes scowling from beneath two dark overhanging eyebrows, and expressing every thing fierce and inhuman. His neck and sinewy arms were bare, his turban red, which added to the savage portents of his countenance; no stockings and yellow slippers; his leathern belt was stuck round with pistols, and by his side was suspended a huge sabre.

"How do you like your travelling companion?" asked the Duke, with a look of barbarous triumph, which would have added

expression

expression to the face of a malignant demon.

Adeliza deigned not to reply to this insulting question; and being ordered to come on, followed with reluctant steps where the Duke led. Could resistance have been of any avail, our heroine would not tamely have suffered herself to be carried whither she knew not; but as no efforts could save her from this, she thought it beneath her to give way to idle clamour, or unavailing complaint. She therefore meekly followed till she found herself out of the Duke's domains, where a soldier and a couple of mules were waiting; and before she well knew where she was, she felt herself lifted on the back of one of them.

The emotions she had so successfully suppressed, now entirely overpowered her, and she fainted away. When she recovered

her

her senses, she found herself seated on a mule, and the man she had before seen, supporting her in his arms. She shrunk from their protection, and begged she might be permitted to walk; but her request was either unintelligible to the person to whom it was addressed, or not to be granted: for, taking no other notice of it than by a shake of his head, he went on, smoking with such vehemence, as almost to suffocate her with the fumes. The other soldier, whose dress was the same as his comrade's, rode by her side. The men talked together, every now and then laughing; then looked at Adeliza, as if she was the entertaining object of their rude and noisy mirth.

Arriving at the foot of a steep mountain, the soldier, who rode with Adeliza, alighted; and, to her joy and great comfort, led

led the mule, leaving her alone on its back.

All was profound stillness, and every thing enveloped in darkness. The mules proceeded slowly, every now and then stumbling over the loose stones. Having for some little time proceeded in this manner, the moon began to shew her sickly face through the dark clouds. As Adeliza's guards watched her slowly emerging, they shrugged up their shoulders, and from their gestures, seemed to apprehend an approaching storm.

They had now reached the summit of the mountain. The men continued to talk to each other, but in a language unknown to Adeliza; yet she could learn that the name of the second soldier was Baptiste. Horatio resumed his seat upon the mule, and they journied for some time at a quick pace.

pace. The rain began to fall in heavy drops; the wind howled through the trees and caverns of the rocks, and all looked desolate and dreary. A wood, seemingly of amazing extent, lay to the right, and thither they directed their course: the rain fell with violence, while the wind impetuously bent the groaning trees. The travellers made all the speed they could, to gain this shelter. Here they alighted, and the soldiers fastening the mules to a tree, they all seated themselves on the grass, to which the rain had not yet penetrated. Baptiste took from his scrip some bread and cold meat, which he civilly offered a part of to our heroine; but she had no inclination to partake of his coarse dirty-looking fare, and therefore declined it. She could not help being persuaded that the soldiers understood what she said, though

though they affected ignorance; for she made use of no gestures, but simply said, in answer to Baptiste's offer, she would not have any thing, and this he quickly understood. Having finished their repast, they replenished their pipes. The rain continuing to fall, they did not seem disposed to stir; but taking their cloaks from a bag, they wrapped themselves up, and indulged themselves with smoking, till one of them fell fast asleep.

"Now," thought Adeliza, "should his comrade follow his example, what would then prevent me from attempting my escape? But, alas! whither should I bend my steps?—where seek for refuge in a country, among people, strangers even to my language? No," continued she, "I must follow the will of Heaven; I cannot escape—it is indeed impossible."

As

As these reflections passed across her mind, the pipe dropping from the mouth of the other soldier, made her start.

"Ah," said she, "is it so! Now is my time. Can I be worse off than at present I am? May I not chance to meet with some unlooked-for help? 'Tis a forlorn hope, but I will try it!"

Sighing as she slowly rose from the ground, she approached to where the mules were fastened. She raised her hand to unloose the bridle, when suddenly a strong light shone directly on her hand. She started; then, fearfully turning her head, perceived at some little distance a broad flame ascending from the earth. Astonished and alarmed, she gazed in silence on this strange phenomenon, and plainly distinguished human forms. They appeared as if bearing some heavy burden. They were now

now between the light and Adeliza. She trembled as she saw the figures advance; but how was her horror augmented, when she distinctly saw that what they bore, was a corpse. They paused; the body was consigned to the earth, and carefully covered up. They then withdrew to the fire, which still blazed bright, and seated themselves around it. This strange circumstance was however sufficient to put to flight all idea of attempting an escape; for she imagined these men must be robbers, and the body they buried, that of some unfortunate traveller.

"And who can tell," thought she, "but I might have been the next victim, had I not been frustrated in this manner from making so mad an attempt?"

The Moor, named Baptiste, awaking, and not

not perceiving Adeliza, sprang from the earth with a countenance expressive of consternation; but discovering her standing quietly by the mules—

"Jesu Maria!" exclaimed he, in French, "I feared you were gone!"

"No, friend; you are satisfied I am still here, though neither you nor your companion could have prevented me taking advantage of this opportunity."

"True, lady," replied the soldier, looking confusedly on the ground; "but you shall not fare the worse for this forbearance."

"Tell me," said Adeliza, "what is the meaning of yonder sight," pointing to the fire, and relating what she had just witnessed.

"They are, lady, Gipsies, who travel in

in large troops all over Spain; and it is their universal custom to bury their dead under a tree."

"I fancied they were robbers."

"No, lady, 'tis just as I say."

"You speak French well," said Adeliza. "From your silence when I tried to make myself understood in that language, I fancied you did not know it."

"I should not now have spoken, lady, had not you alarmed me into forgetfulness. It may be as much as my life is worth, should this be known to my comrade. You will not therefore betray me?—I received the most solemn charges not to speak to you in French, or even to seem to comprehend you, should you speak it."

"I will not abuse your confidence," answered Adeliza.

"The

"The Blessed Virgin reward your goodness! But hush!—my comrade wakes!"

Remounting the mules (Baptiste giving up his entirely to Adeliza, and walking by her side), they left the wood. Gaining the summit of another dreary hill, they dimly descried a deep valley extending below; and above, a few faint stars twinkling through the broken clouds. Adeliza, weary and dispirited, longed for a little repose; but this was not to be obtained at present. The air was cold and raw, and she gathered her cloak close about her. After some little time, they found themselves in the valley, along which they slowly travelled, almost in total darkness.

At length the first tints of morning appeared in the east. Thankfully Adeliza hailed the early dawn; the breezy freshness

of the air revived her, and her thoughts ascended with devotion to the Author of all good. At length she espied something at a little distance resembling a human habitation, and presently they halted at the door of it.

Horatio, giving the bridle of his mule to Baptiste, entered the low and dirty looking dwelling. He presently returned, bringing with him a woman almost bent double with age. She addressed Adeliza *civilly* in French, told her here she was to dismount, and led the way into the hut. Adeliza followed with alacrity, glad to behold one of her own sex, though so unshapely a figure. The place she entered, was so low, as not to admit of her standing upright in it; and at the same time so suffocatingly hot, that she could scarcely respire; but when her two guards came in,

in, and as usual began trimming their pipes, she begged she might be allowed to go into a small garden, which she perceived belonged to this place. Her request was granted; and seating herself upon a bench, the old woman placed before her bread, butter, and milk. Adeliza thankfully partook of this homely repast. Her meal finished, she contemplated the august scenery that surrounded her, with feelings of the strongest admiration and wonder. Her own helpless situation, sad as it was, could not steel her heart against these sublime and pleasing sensations excited by so grand a display. At a very short distance from her was a broad and rapid stream, which impetuously descended from the opposite steep; now rushing over large fragments of rocks, and flashing in the sunbeams; then losing itself for some time among

among the thick woods—again bursting from its concealment, thundered, foaming, into the vale. The richly wooded hills seemed to rise one out of the other to an amazing height: in another part, stupendous rocks impended in frowning grandeur, whose heads were grey and barren, except where shrubs fringed their summits, or patches of vegetation tinted their recesses, in which the wild goats lightly froliced.

From the contemplation of these objects, Adeliza was roused by the voice of the old woman, who told her that her companions were ready to be gone. She rose with reluctance, and followed her hostess to the door. Once more remounting her mule, they again set forward on their journey. Adeliza was naturally extremely anxious to know whither she was

next to be conveyed:—she made many attempts to induce Horatio to answer this enquiry, but all her efforts were unsuccessful.

Wearied, dispirited, and miserable, she had no resource but patience and resignation. These conjoined, will indeed bear up the sufferer under the worst of human calamities.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseless day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night——

SHAKESPEARE.

TOWARDS the middle of the day, the travellers stopped at a fisherman's hut; and from the appearance of the place, Adeliza rightly conjectured they could not be far from some village or town. Hope once more visited her, as this information was given her by the son of the owner of

this place. This, however, she soon found would be of no advantage to her, as they were to proceed hence in a contrary direction by water; and, however unwilling, she was obliged to get into the boat. The day was cold and tempestuous, therefore she felt relieved every way when they disembarked; but before she was suffered to do so, Horatio sent Baptiste to procure mules; which done, she was permitted to land: and mounting one of them, they proceeded onward, following for many miles the devious course of the beautiful river. The country through which they passed, was both romantic and richly cultivated, conveying a degree of tranquillity and repose to the breast of our agitated heroine.

The Moors still preserved the most stubborn silence towards her; and she had

long ceased to importune them for information, confining her doubts and apprehensions to her own bosom.

They had now left the river side, and struck again into a thick forest, through which there appeared a narrow beaten track. The shades of evening gathered quick around them, and the gloom was considerably increased by the deeper umbrage of immense trees. The brushwood grew so thick in some places, even across the pathway, that they were forced to alight, and lead the mules; and it was not without the utmost difficulty, they could get forward. Adeliza thought it very extraordinary they should venture to explore such intricate mazes so late in the day; for now it was almost too dark to distinguish any object but a few yards off. The men got into a warm debate; Horatio

seemed to threaten, and Baptiste to expostulate. Adeliza kept close behind the latter, who, mending his pace, left Horatio considerably behind. The howling of a wolf close upon them, made Adeliza tremble with fear;—in the next instant the fierce and voracious animal, springing from among the underwood, made furiously towards Baptiste; and before he had time to defend himself, had torn his arm open: but in the next instant, the animal was laid dead at his feet by the intrepid conduct of Adeliza, who in the crisis of alarm, had courageously snatched a pistol from the belt of Baptiste, which she fired with the effect we have related.—Terrified at what she had done, the pistol dropped from her hand; and she had to lean for support against a tree, to keep herself from falling. Horatio, coming up, was alarmed on seeing his

his comrade on the ground, weltering in his blood:—he spake, without offering him any assistance; but Adeliza, ever humane and ready, tore her handkerchief, with which she bound up the wound, while Baptiste warmly poured out his grateful acknowledgments for her kind and critical assistance. Horatio noticed this in a voice of thunder; to which his comrade made no farther reply to him, than significantly shaking his head, continuing at the same time to repeat his gratitude to Adeliza in French.

Once more they began slowly to advance, fearing each step they might be again attacked by some of the ferocious inhabitants so numerous in these woods. It was now quite dark; and Adeliza with dread, heard that they could not proceed one step farther, having lost the beaten

track. Should they attempt to go on, they might only bewilder themselves, and perhaps be entirely lost; there was therefore no alternative. Fastening the mules to a tree, they seated themselves on the ground. Horatio soon fell asleep; but Baptiste, from the pain of his wound, felt no inclination to follow his example. Adeliza could not resist the natural desire she felt, to enquire how far she had yet to be taken. She did so.

"I cannot, lady," he replied, "in conscience deny you any thing; but my duty and honour as a Moorish soldier, forbid me answering you. Still, after the signal service you have done me, I must tell you, trusting you will be sparing of such questions, that you are within a short ride of the place of your destination."

Adeliza

Adeliza thanked Baptiste for this information, which was so far a relief. For some time she remained absorbed in melancholy reflection. Casting her eyes toward heaven, she was surprised to observe a strange redness of the atmosphere. She gazed for some time on this unusual sight, not without considerable apprehension, as to her eye the heavens seemed to emit sparks of fire. Wearied with her own conjecture, she turned to Baptiste, and directed his attention towards it. He started from the place where he lay; and after looking upwards with an eager eye for some minutes, he exclaimed—

"By the blessed Virgin, it must be so!"

"What?" enquired Adeliza, struck by the vehemence with which he spake.

"Fire!" answered he, in a desponding tone, and instantly hallooed to his sleeping

comrade.—"Horatio!" exclaimed Baptiste, "the Castle in the valley is, if I mistake not, in flames; see how red the whole horizon is!"

Horatio seemed perfectly to coincide with this opinion, and Adeliza soon perceived their intent was now to endeavour to extricate themselves from the mazes of the wood, this light serving as some sort of guide. After about two hours' slow and uncertain wandering, to her inexpressible joy, they found themselves without the precincts of the forest. The appearance she had first noticed, continued the same for a considerable way; but now the whole air felt heated as well as being uncommonly light, and Adeliza had no doubt but they were fast approaching the scene of some tremendous fire. Presently her conjectures were confirmed; for on turning suddenly

suddenly a sharp angle, a sight the most awful and terrible met their eyes; and they all at the same instant involuntarily paused, and gazed on the tremendous spectacle.

Where they now stood, was on an eminence. At no considerable distance was situated in a dell a majestic Castle, from all parts of which, the flames burst forth with inconceivable fury, and spread over the whole building with the rapidity of lightning; they threw a frightful red glare on all the surrounding objects, casting those more retired, into the blackest gloom. Before the center of the Castle was a piece of water, which now reflecting the flames above, appeared a tremendous lake of fire. Thrown upon the earth, could plainly be distinguished two human forms.

In some degree recovered from their consternation, the Moors, with the agitated Adeliza, descended towards the scene of devastation. Horatio called as loud as he could, and soon roused from the earth, one of the people who lay extended there; the other, who Adeliza perceived was a woman, still remained insensible. She humanely endeavoured to raise her, but found her strength unequal to the task.

Wearied, exhausted, in a state bordering upon utter despondency, she seated herself upon the grass. What was to become of her? Where was she next to be conveyed? From what she could collect from Baptiste's conversation, this Castle was to have been the termination of her journey; and now she fancied she could read in the harsh and austere countenances of the men, that she

was

was the object of their present debate. What could she do, but with equal piety and resignation commit herself to the protection of an all-wise and all-merciful Providence!—She surveyed the objects that surrounded her, with many varied emotions; nor could she form any favourable ideas of the hearts or feelings of her companions, who, with the man found here, were heartily partaking of cold victuals, while the poor woman lay totally unnoticed by any one of them. Adeliza was invited to partake of their repast; but her heart sickened at the idea of eating at such a time, and in such company. Baptiste brought her some dried grapes, begging she would not reject them, as they were again going to proceed on their journey. Adeliza regarded him with a look of surprise, which he could not misunderstand; but put his finger

finger significantly upon his lips, in token that then he could answer no questions. She took the grapes, thanked him for his attention, and once more turned her eyes toward the dreadful ruin.

The flames had by this time spent their fury; and in those places where the fire had raged with the greatest violence, now issued volumes of black smoke. Adeliza plainly saw the building had been a majestic one, though now only a black disfigured ruin. The strong smell of fire, the crackling of the flames, the pitchy darkness of the night, together with large pieces of timber and fragments of beams smoking in every direction, rendered the scene frightful in the highest degree. The woman who had lain all this time insensible, began to move, and presently afterwards rose from the ground. She stared

at

at Adeliza, muttering some unintelligible jargon. Adeliza shrunk from her severe regard, and shuddered as she looked on the disgusting object; but when she learned from Baptiste that to her care she was to have been committed, she felt grateful that at least this trial had been spared her: for true it was, that, had not the Castle (and by the old woman's carelessness) been destroyed, there the unfortunate girl was to have taken up her solitary and dismal abode.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of Justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

SHAKESPEARE.

LADY Raby, in the marriage of her elder son, anticipated the utmost satisfaction; and, pleased with her youthful daughter-in-law, flattered herself she should be able to form her according to her own wishes; but in this hope she was most unfortunately mistaken, for Lady Richmond, always

always accustomed to rule without controul in her father's house, had no idea, now she was married, of being instructed what she ought, or what she ought not to do; and in unequivocal terms made these her sentiments known to Lady Raby.

London had now become crowded; and no one of its gay votaries entered into its every dissipation with more alacrity than Lady Richmond. As to her Lord, this way of life being perfectly congenial to his feelings, so far from attempting to restrain his young wife, he encouraged her to persevere in it; therefore no one's assemblies were more gaily and fashionably crowded, no suppers more profuse and expensive than her Ladyship's, and no one more easy and good-natured in admitting the introduction of strangers: so that of course her rooms were not unfrequently filled with faces by no means familiar to her

her. Miss Fortescue ventured to remonstrate with her young friend on the impropriety of admitting such promiscuous visitors.

"Why, Lady Richmond," continued she, laughing, "I declare I shall not be the least surprised, should your butcher or baker send to ask permission to introduce a *friend*:—you could not have the cruelty to refuse their solicitations, could you?"

"Indeed but I certainly should; I am not quite so ridiculous as that yet."

"But in a fair way to become so," rejoined her lively friend. "Who, my dear Lady Richmond, is that Mrs. Grimalkin, that played at your table last night at Lady Cotterel's?"

"I do not know indeed; but I think her an uncommonly agreeable woman. I asked her to come to me to-night."

"You have," replied Miss Fortescue, gravely,

gravely, "and that was the reason I wished to learn if you knew any thing of her. To confess the truth, I like her not; but not to be too hasty in my conclusions, I shall wait to observe how this evening goes off."

"I did not," answered Lady Richmond, haughtily, "imagine I should ever find a censor in my *lively* cousin; and I must add, your interference in this matter is equally unnecessary and unpleasant."—She walked towards the door; then suddenly turning—"Another of my new visitors may, Miss Fortescue, be equally obnoxious to you with *my friend*, Mrs. Grimalkin—that is Lord Allen:—Oh Heavens! how unlike his dull, sentimental brother, Henry Villars!"

"Unlike indeed!" replied Miss Fortescue, with a sarcastic smile, which brought the

the colour into her Ladyship's fair face, as she indignantly left the room.

Shocked and surprised, the amiable girl burst into tears; for never before had she witnessed such behaviour in her friend. She reflected, however, with equal good sense and kindness, that should she, in a moment of resentment, leave Lady Richmond, she should leave her exposed to all the allurements of a dissipated and fascinating town. Young, and totally inexperienced as she was, with no friend to guide her steps, what might not the unpleasant consequences be? The bare idea of this made the considerate Miss Fortescue tremble; and she resolved, when next she and Lady Richmond met, to endeavour to be restored to her friendship. As she walked up and down the room weighing these things in her mind, Lady Catherine Surrey was announced.

"I hope

"I hope nothing unpleasant has happened, my dear Miss Fortescue?"

"No, my love; but why do you ask?"

"Because, as I came up stairs, Lady Richmond brushed past me, saying—'Your *friend*, Lady Catherine, is in the drawing-room;' and laid such emphasis on the word, that it struck me as something rather singular."

Miss Fortescue repeated what had passed, and the amiable girls mutually grieved at the imprudence of her Ladyship's conduct; but at the same time imputed it solely to the defective and strange education she had received, not by any means to the badness of her heart, which they agreed was naturally good and pure.

"But come," said Miss Fortescue, gaily, "let us not sit in judgment on the errors of our friend:—tell me, Catherine, does Villa stone with you to-day?"

The

The ready blood mounted to Lady Catherine's face, as with a sigh she replied—

"He does."

"And are you grieved at it?" rejoined Miss Fortescue, with an arch look.

Lady Catherine's eyes were then bent as if in earnest examination of the carpet. Hastily raising them, and in a voice expressive of the utmost surprise, she quickly answered—

"Oh no! Good Heavens! what could lead you to imagine such a thing?"

"Nay," replied Harriet, laughing, "I only judged from the effect his name produced."

"What effect?" enquired Lady Catherine, much embarrassed.

"Why, only a tremendous deep-drawn sigh; but, jesting apart, the reason I made any enquiry about him was, that I thought, if

if he did dine with you, it would be as well to let him know his brother is to be of our party to-night, and I was not certain this might be agreeable to him. Henry Villars is, I assure you, a prodigious favourite of mine, and his lordly brother as much my aversion."

After some more chat between the amiable friends, Lady Catherine said—

"I shall, with Lady Richmond's permission, introduce my youngest brother this evening. He is, dear fellow! just returned from sea; but I have found the utmost difficulty in prevailing on him to accompany us to-night. He has, alas! met with a most severe disappointment; indeed it preys so deeply on his spirits, that I fear, if not speedily removed, it will greatly injure his health. I cannot wonder at his present sufferings, when I bring to mind the

the extreme beauty, elegance, and sweetness of the object of his love, now torn from him."

Lady Catherine gave her friend a summary account of her brother's attachment to Adeliza; and concluded by lamenting they could not gain the slightest clew to guide them in their search of her. The friends then parted, impressed with the most favourable sentiments of each other.

Soon after Lady Catherine's departure, Lady Richmond returned home, restored to good humour; and Miss Fortescue entreating pardon for any thing improper her hasty zeal might have prompted her to say, that was unpleasant, perfect harmony was restored between them. In the evening, the proposed party came, and all went off wonderfully well. Miss Fortescue was introduced to Percy, and was much

much pleased with him. She endeavoured to engage him in conversation; but although he was polite and attentive, it was evident his heart had no interest in what he said. Notwithstanding all around was gaiety and mirth, still Percy, so far from entering into the varied amusements that everywhere presented themselves, sunk under the weight of the disappointment he had sustained; and to no one but Miss Fortescue, because the friend of his favourite sister, did he ever pay any particular attention. She kindly felt for his sorrows, and treated him with the ease and kindness of a sister. This it was that led Lady Richmond to suppose that nothing less than a tender attachment could be the cause of the intimacy between her cousin and Captain Surrey; therefore as she believed this to be the case, she

with her usual inconsideration, repeated it as a certainty to Lady Anna Feversham, and by that means made her the innocent cause of such real misery to our interesting heroine.

Percy, finding his services at sea could be dispensed with, and that he might leave the service with honour and credit, immediately resigned his ship, though in a great degree his income depended upon his profession; but the object lost, for whose sake he coveted wealth, he had no longer any inducement to brave the dangers of the ocean. The only person of whom he hoped to obtain any information respecting the adored object of his incessant thoughts (not having been able to learn any thing of the Henleys), was Sir Armine Temple; and he was at this time in France, but was shortly expected in England. For his arrival

therefore, Percy waited with the utmost impatience, intending to order his measures according to the intelligence he hoped to receive from him.

Mrs. Grimalkin, with Lord Alier, were now become the inseparable companions of the thoughtless Lady Richmond; and Miss Fortescue saw with inconceivable distress, the daily and baleful influence they gained over her mind: yet what could she do? Remonstrance was not to be *thought* of, entreaty was ineffectual, and she could only be a painful witness of her reprehensible conduct, without the power of preventing it. Lord Richmond, scarcely ever at home, gave her sufficient opportunity of following her own wild plans, as well as those contrived by her two crafty friends, tending to the subversion of all

principle, as well as the total ruin of fortune and reputation.

A melancholy and unexpected event happened, which for a little time put a stop to at least all outward appearance of gaiety. The Earl, Lady Richmond's father, who had since her marriage resided wholly with them, was by his valet discovered dead in his bed, supposed to have been taken off by a fit of apoplexy in the night. Lady Richmond who really loved her father, was shocked and grieved beyond measure; her sorrow was violent, and vented itself in loud and bitter exclamations. Lord Richmond, who had not yet returned from Brooks's, was instantly sent for, and endeavoured in vain to console his afflicted wife. This event, though to her distressing, was by no means so to his Lordship; on the

the contrary, it happened most seasonably: for the preceding night, he had lost a sum he could in no other manner have found means to discharge; for his father-in-law had absolutely refused to comply with his last exorbitant demand of the same kind, because it had become too often repeated, for him with any degree of prudence to comply with. This being the state of the case, no wonder the death of the poor Earl of Sidmouth was an event that was productive to Lord Richmond of the utmost secret satisfaction. He soon left his mourning wife to the care of her cousin, more anxiously with his lawyer to examine the papers of the deceased.

Orders had been given by Miss Fortescue very properly, that they should be denied, without any exception, to all visitors. How much then was she astonished to see, early

in the evening, Mrs. Grimalkin enter the drawing-room, where she sat by Lady Richmond, who had, like a child, literally cried herself asleep. The visitor entered with a soft step, repeating, as she advanced, in a low voice and sorrowful tone, a most pathetic speech, made for the occasion, in which were distinguished the words *patience, Providence, the will of God, &c.*; nor did the consoling friend once perceive, till close to the sofa, that the whole of this mockery of sympathy, had been entirely lost upon the person to whom it was addressed.

Miss Fortescue, disgusted with the hypocrisy and forwardness of the lady, slightly bowing as she passed her, left the room. She went down stairs into the servants' hall, and enquired why her positive orders had been disobeyed, and wherefore they had

had allowed Mrs. Grimalkin to go up-stairs? But how was she astonished and hurt, to learn that one of the servants had taken a note from Lady Richmond to Mrs. Grimalkin, and that, in consequence of it, she had been admitted.

She did not return to the drawing-room, but went up to her own apartment, desiring her maid to let her know when Mrs. Grimalkin was gone; but this did not happen till after the clock had struck twelve at night, and Miss Fortescue then thought it too late to go down stairs.

At breakfast the next morning, she was more grieved than even surprised, to see but a few faint traces of grief legible in Lady Richmond's countenance or manner; and, knowing the worth of the parent she so recently had lost, and the extreme indulgence with which he had ever treated

his child, she felt equally shocked and astonished that all this in the space of one short day, should almost be entirely forgotten. Her indignation against Mrs. Grimalkin, whom she rightly considered as the cause of this unnatural indifference, rose in proportion as these ideas passed through her mind; nor could she help feeling the strongest abhorrence at such unfeeling, such unprincipled conduct. Breakfast was scarcely removed, and Lord Richmond retired to his study (a place he had seldom frequented) before Mrs. Grimalkin again made her appearance, and was received by the weak Lady Richmond with every demonstration of joy; while Miss Fortescue, nauseating the fulsome adulation poured on her friend by this insidious woman, left them to themselves. She then retired to the drawing-room, to write a few lines to her

her little friend, Lady Anna, who, with her grandmother, the Duchess of Ormond, had been for a few days out of town. When she had finished her letter, she returned to the breakfast-room, and was surprised to find Captain Surrey had been there, and had promised to call in the evening. Mrs. Grimalkin she found had taken up her quarters there for the day; and as Lady Richmond said her dear friend had kindly given up several important engagements, to comfort her—"I do not in the least doubt," said Miss Fortescue, in a dry manner, "that your Ladyship is fully sensible how costly a sacrifice Mrs. Grimalkin makes to oblige you."

The lady cast on her a furious glance, but made no reply.

The day was unpleasant to all parties, and Miss Fortescue punished herself by

doing what she conceived to be her duty, which was remaining in the room, to prevent more deadly poison being instilled into the heart of her too susceptible and credulous friend. Lady Richmond felt the restraint her cousin was upon her; but stood too much in awe of her, to venture to hint that her absence would be more agreeable than her company. Mrs. Grimalkin, who equally dreaded the keenness of her satire, as she disliked her upright character, more than once repented having offered to stay; but consoled herself with the hope that no long time would elapse, ere she might turn this to her own advantage.

In the evening, according to invitation, came Captain Surrey, and presently after him Lord Allen. Miss Fortescue was confounded,

"I did

"I did not expect to see you, my Lord!" said she, fixing her dark eyes in Mrs. Grimalkin's face.—"His Lordship must be ignorant of the irremediable loss this family has so recently sustained."

His Lordship coloured and hesitated, appearing totally at a loss for an answer.

"I—I—I am shocked—extremely shocked—very much concerned! I—did indeed understand what had happened; but," continued he, with alacrity of voice and manner, and pointing to the embarrassed Mrs. Grimalkin, "*that* lady *pressed* me to come here to-night."

"I have been mistaken," said Miss Fortescue, gravely. "I beg your Lordship's pardon;—you perceive I did not know to *whom* we were indebted for the honour of a visit from you at such a time, or I should certainly have said not a word on

the subject;—nothing that Mrs. Grimalkin does, can cause wonder, much less be exposed to investigation by me."

As she finished these words, Lady Anna Feversham appeared. She flew to Miss Fortescue, threw her arms, with all the artlessness of unaffected innocence round her neck, and burst into tears.

"Heavens!" said Mrs. Grimalkin, with an officious show of kindness, "what ails the sweet girl?"

"Well may those," said Miss Fortescue, "who know not what feeling is, ask that question. Lady Anna, Madam, has lost a kind, an invaluable friend!"

"Oh yes indeed!"-sobbed the affectionate girl, "I have lost my dear indulgent grandpapa, as I used to call him; and to lose him so suddenly too—Oh dear Harriet! you cannot think how my heart mourns

mourns this cruel deprivation! But tell me, dear Harriet, where is poor Lady Richmond? I must be permitted to see her."

"If," said Mrs. Grimalkin, glad of an opportunity to vent her spleen, "Lady Anna, your extreme grief had not blinded you, you must have seen her Ladyship, who is born to shine, and command notice in every company."

Anna was confounded; she spoke to Lady Richmond, and by way of excuse, innocently said—

"She was sure she had no idea of seeing her Ladyship in company at such a melancholy period as this; therefore she must not be offended at her having overlooked her."

This speech, though harmless in the intent, carried in it a severe reproof, which Lady

Lady Richmond was by no means insensible to. She however took no notice of it; but turned the conversation, to enquire after the Duchess of Ormond.

As Anna chatted with Lady Richmond, Mrs. Grimalkin was busily employed in arranging a card-table. Nothing she did, could now be matter of astonishment to Miss Fortescue; for the opinion she had formed of that lady, was a most despicable one:—but she could hardly suppose that Lady Richmond could be so weak, so infatuated, as to sit down to play at such a time. In this conclusion she was, however, wrong; for her Ladyship declared how infinitely she was obliged to her considerate friend, for thus endeavouring to drive away her melancholy thoughts.

"Surely," said she, "there can be no harm in a simple game at whist!"

"In

"In the game," replied Miss Fortescue, to whom this question seemed to be more particularly addressed, "simply as such, there can be no possible harm; but the time is I think most improper—nay, to be plain with you, highly indecent!"

Her Ladyship turned indignantly from her reprover, and seated herself at the card-table. Lord Allen importuned Lady Anna to make a fourth; but this she peremptorily refused. Miss Fortescue was not asked of course; and Captain Surrey, however unwilling, was obliged to make up the number. Lady Anna and Miss Fortescue, in another part of the room, talked over the late mournful event with deep regret.

Some little time spent in this melancholy conversation, Miss Fortescue, seeing how

how much the amiable Lady Anna was affected, changed the subject, by enquiring after the Marchioness Imanza.

"Is there any hope of seeing that charming woman in England?"

"Not I fear for some time; but the last accounts were delightful. I have here a letter which describes a grand *fête* given by the Duke Garcias Moresco, uncle to the Marquis, on his marriage with my charming aunt. The account is written to me by that heavenly girl you have heard me talk so much of, and who accompanied my aunt into Spain. I will, if you chuse, read it to you."

"I shall, my dear Lady Anna, be extremely gratified, and think myself highly obliged."

When Lady Anna had read about half through

though the letter, Captain Surrey, who had been discarded from the table for his blunders, approached; but seeing how they were employed, would instantly have retreated, had not Miss Fortescue called to him; and, pointing to a chair by her, said—

"If I mistake not, Captain Surrey will be better entertained here, than by the party he has just left."

Percy answered her with politeness, and seated himself. Lady Anna resumed her narrative, which, when finished, she was folding together, in doing which, Miss Fortescue spied out a few lines written across, which she had not yet read.

"Dear Lady Anna, we must not lose a word of this incomparable letter;—see, there is a part you have passed over. But let me reflect—I really beg your pardon—it may be some private concern."

"No,

"No, that I assure you it is not; and to convince you a young lady may receive a letter without any secrets, I will read this too."

She went on.

"Do tell me, my dearest Anna, when next I have the real pleasure of hearing from you, if by any chance you have seen the lovely child you felt yourself so strongly interested about. All must love the little darling; but none with such tender regard as your obliged friend. Once more

"ADELIZA PEMBROKE."

"Adeliza Pembroke!" reiterated Percy, starting from his seat; "good God! can it be possible? *My* Adeliza!"

Lady

Lady Anna, surprised, yet smiling at his eagerness, replied—

"That I cannot pretend to say; but here," continued she, taking from her pocket Adeliza's miniature, "is the dear girl's resemblance."

"It is indeed herself!" exclaimed Percy, as with hurried eyes, he gazed on the beloved likeness. "Inimitable, angelic woman!"

He pressed the picture with fervour to his lips.

"Do, for Heaven's sake," called Mrs. Grimalkin, "let us have a peep at that inimitable, angelic woman's likeness?"

"It is a face," replied Lady Anna, with spirit, "you, Madam, are by no means unacquainted with; and this I am certain of, you will find but little gratification in looking at the picture, when the original you could

could not love, or even, when under your roof, treat with that respect at all times and in all situations due to merit and unaffected beauty, joined with purity of heart!"

As she pronounced these words, she presented the miniature of Adeliza to Mrs. Grimalkin, who, casting her eyes upon it, would have coloured, could the blood have made its way through a thick lacker of white and red, but now only appeared inflaming her prominent eyes. Articulation was almost denied her.

"Your youth and inexperience, Lady Anna, must plead your excuse; nothing else could. Still I cannot wonder at what you have said, when I reflect on the extreme art of that girl; she even imposed on me."

"Indeed!" said Percy, while indignation gave additional colour to his fine face; "that

" that must have been rather a difficult matter."

" Miss Pembroke," retorted Mrs. Grimalkin, with a sarcastic grin, " is fortunate in gaining all the gentlemen as her champions. She made choice of a very gay one in my house."

" In your House, Madam," said Percy, puzzled beyond measure.

" In my house," re-echoed Mrs. Grimalkin; " yes Sir, she lived with me as governess to my little girl. Oh! that I could be so infatuated, as to make such a choice! But *charity* misled me. I say, Sir, she lived with me about a month, till her conduct towards, and her attachment to Sir Armine Temple, were so flagrant, that I was obliged to turn her away."

" That I am confident, Madam, you did not," said Lady Anna; " for, to my certain knowledge,

knowledge, she left your house of her own accord."

"So, Lady Anna, she might make you believe; but me she could no longer deceive. Sir Armine Temple I well know it was, who recommended her to the Marchioness; but he had his own private reasons for so doing: and in following his advice, Miss Pembroke gratified her own inclinations. Let his wishes be what they might, the attachment of a man like Sir Armine Temple, must be dangerous to a person in her way of life; for she could never flatter herself he would be fool enough to marry her."

During this conversation, Percy had walked about the room in extreme agitation. He could not credit any thing that might be advanced against Adeliza; but still he endured the most torturing emotions.

emotions. Nor could he condescend to enquire of Mrs. Grimalkin, her reason for believing that any attachment subsisted between Adeliza and Sir Armine Temple, lest she should imagine he gave the slightest heed to her cruel insinuations. Mrs. Grimalkin, in answer to something Lady Anna said of her friend, observed that—"when a young lady goes out alone of an evening to visit a gentleman, and remains with him three or four hours, and when that is repeated more than once or twice—I say, Lady Anna, when this is the case, as was, on my honour, in the present instance, imprudence is too mild a term to bestow on such conduct. Does not your Lordship coincide in my opinion?"

"Answer not that question, my Lord," said Percy, furiously, and advancing towards Lord Allen, who was the person addressed

addressed by Mrs. Grimalkin; "by the great God, had a man dared to affirm what now you have heard from Mrs. Grimalkin, he should have confirmed, or washed away what he so shamefully asserted, with his blood. I would forfeit happiness, hope, existence, Adeliza Pembroke is free from guile, pure as an angel, and perfect as one!—Who dares to calumniate innocence like her's, must be worthless indeed."

With these words Percy left the room, and the next instant the house. Lady Anna presently followed his example; while Miss Fortescue, heartily tired of her disagreeable party, sought refuge in her own chamber.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

One part, one little part we dimly scan,
Through the dark medium of life's fev'rish dream,
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem:
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ills our blessings rise,
Oh then renounce that impious self-esteem
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies,
For thou art but of dust—be humble, and be wise.

BEATTIE.

AS Adeliza, with her Moorish guides, and accompanied by the man and woman belonging to the Castle, proceeded onward, she ventured to remonstrate with

Horatio against taking her farther, and tried all the rhetoric she was mistress of, to induce him to return with her to Santa Fe: for surely the journey she was now commencing, was, and must be entirely without the consent or even knowledge of the Duke Garcias Moresco; but all she could advance—all she could urge, was of no avail, and she found that entreaties and threats were alike ineffectual. As she reflected on the cruelty of her destiny, tears—bitter tears coursed down her pale face—tears she attempted not to repress; but mingling the sadder accents of despair, she called upon death to terminate her wretched existence. Where was she now to be conveyed? The thought was shocking; for did she not plainly perceive, that to the sole care and direction of a ruffian Moor, the Duke,

had committed her; a man who was deaf to importunity, and incapable of feeling any sentiment that bore the faintest semblance to compassion, and who seemed to keep the other soldier under complete controul. For some part of the way, the stranger man and woman kept on with them, and Adeliza's heart felt fainter and more dismayed every step they advanced, fearful she might at last be committed to the care of that uncouth—that disgusting woman. From this apprehension she was however relieved; for having reached a miserable little hut, where they baited their mules for an hour, and had some refreshment, the soldiers took leave of their friends, and she with Horatio and Baptiste went forward.

They travelled all day in a fertile and beautiful country, and about dusk stopped

at a *possada,* where she was told they were to remain for the night. This was welcome information to Adeliza, who had travelled two nights and a day with little rest or respite. She was shewn by the hostess into a small inner room, and had the comfort of hearing she was to have it entirely to herself. This she was told was a singular favour and indulgence. On the floor was spread a mattress for her to rest on during the night. The appearance of every thing was dirty and disgusting in the extreme, and for some time she resolved not to lie down; but exhausted nature got the better of her disgust, and she threw herself, fatigued, with her clothes on, upon her comfortless bed. She soon, however, fell into a profound sleep, (for where is not innocence at rest?); pleasing visions soothed her

her heart, and she awoke refreshed, and in a great measure restored, if not to peace, at least to more composure.

When Horatio called, she was ready to obey the summons; and taking a cup of chocolate, and eating some dried rusks, she remounted her mule in no desponding frame of mind. The day had just begun to dawn—the air felt cold and raw; Adeliza drew her hat further over her face, and pulled her cloak closer about her throat. The soldiers smoked and talked; she could from observation understand some words, and she now collected from these scattered, though uncertain rays, that Baptiste was endeavouring to prevail on Horatio to return to Santa Fe; but she was too soon convinced of his want of success, by their mending their pace, and Baptiste's taciturnity.

Disappointment was become so familiar to her, that she almost ceased to hope she should ever in this dreary world meet with any thing else. The country, however, continued beautiful beyond description, and the scenery as varied as beautiful. The sun shone with radiance, the birds sang melodiously among the innumerable branches, the grass sparkled with pearly dew—all looked gay, cheerful, and satisfied, save our solitary and persecuted heroine.

Travelling many leagues in this fine track of country, the face of it on a sudden entirely changed, and as before it was verdant, it now became bleak and barren. As they slowly ascended, the roads became more rugged and dangerous, winding along the edge of an immense precipice. With extreme care and infinite difficulty, they reached the summit, and

and now the descent was as rapid as the ascent had been tedious: large stones broken from the rocks, in places almost blocked up the way. Adeliza was obliged to dismount; her head turned giddy, as with strained eyes she surveyed the tremendous depth below; no bottom was to be distinguished, all looking a frightful void. With trembling steps she walked onward; huge crags impended directly over her head, where no vestige of humanity or even vegetation was to be discovered. The scream of the vulture seen cowering round some cliff, or the cry of the eagle soaring high in air, made her start, and almost threw her off her poise. Even the Moors durst not trust themselves to hold the bridles of their mules, lest they should stumble, and by that means throw them headlong down the precipice; they therefore

drove the sagacious animals on carefully before, while they slowly followed, for above three miles. Having performed this dangerous part of their journey without any accident, they arrived, faint and weary, at a lowly thicket, into which they immediately struck, and presently found themselves at the door of a snug cabin.

Baptiste knocked with the but-end of one of his pistols, and in a few seconds the door was opened by a young woman, whose appearance instantly prepossessed Adeliza in her favour. In her dress there was nothing attractive, being composed of the coarsest brown stuff, her hair parted equally on her forehead, without any thing in the form of a cap on. She regarded the travellers with a look of surprise, but welcomed them with civility. An old man next made his appearance; his dress was a brown

brown jacket and linen drawers; round his waist he wore a broad leathern belt, and on his feet, sandals laced with cord. He heartily welcomed the Moors, and courteously invited them into his cabin. This little dwelling was clean, and neat of its kind, beyond any thing Adeliza had seen since she left England. The room she was shewn into, was prettily furnished; a door led from it into a garden; clusters of delicious grapes almost darkened the window, and the most beautiful peaches seemed to invite the hand. Of these Adeliza was by her pleasing hostess pressed to partake, which offer was accepted with thanks. Being left alone, she went to the window; she looked wistfully at the clouds as they slowly rolled along, wishing that, as they seemed to portend, there might be a heavy fall of weather. Where she now was, our

heroine would have given worlds to remain, hoping, from the open and ingenuous countenance of the woman of the house, to interest her in her cause, and perhaps be able to induce her to favour her escape. This was indeed almost a forlorn hope, but still too precious not to be cherished. According to her wish, the rain began to descend with considerable violence, and Adeliza had the pleasure of hearing the mules ordered into the shed, there to remain under shelter till the storm should be over. As she stood watching by the window, her attention was arrested by some letters cut apparently with a diamond, upon one of the panes; she looked at it with a considerable degree of emotion. The letters were capital ones, and the handwriting singular, and one she fancied she had somewhere seen; when or where, she could

could not recollect: but what was most extraordinary, the letters were the initials of her father's, mother's, brother's, and her own name. This was wonderful, was too much so, to be merely the effect of chance. Had the initials applied only to one part of her family, it would have been a matter of surprise; but when she distinctly saw G. P. M. P. together, and placed directly under them G. P. A. P. the circumstance became highly interesting, no less than unaccountable. She felt bewildered and perplexed: to decipher this singular appearance, was entirely beyond the reach of possibility.

"Pray," said she to the woman, who now entered the room, "can you tell me who wrote this?"

"No, lady," replied she, with unaffected honesty and truth, "I know not indeed. I

often admire them, because they are so pretty; but I cannot tell who put them there."

The rain continued to fall with violence, accompanied by tremendous peals of thunder; the lightning rolled in sheets along the surface of the earth, while the caverns re-echoed the dismal peals. The scene was sublime, though terrific; and Adeliza almost fancied the world was dissolving. Still no guilty fears were mixed with this idea; a sort of awful hope filled her heart, as, with uplifted eyes, she with steadiness waited the issue. For upwards of an hour the tempest raged with unabated fury; at length it began gradually to subside, and Baptiste coming into the room, begged she would prepare to go, as they should now get on with all speed; the roads through which they must pass, being infested by

numerous

numerous troops of banditti. At that moment Horatio, in a commanding tone, called to Baptiste, who instantly obeyed the summons.

The heavens again began to be overcast, and the tempest soon became as violent as ever. Adeliza, who felt the strongest repugnance to the idea of leaving this place, heard the roaring of the wind with satisfaction, hoping that, as it grew late, the Moors would abandon the idea of going farther that night. Her hopes in *this* matter were confirmed by her benevolent looking hostess, who came to inform her that Horatio had resolved to remain in the cottage till the next morning; therefore, if she chose, she would shew her up-stairs into a bed-room; it was small, but she hoped she would have a refreshing sleep.

Adeliza gratefully accepted the kind offer, and followed her up-stairs. The room

room she was shewn into, was perfectly neat, and every thing in it conveyed a degree of comfort to our wearied and exhausted heroine not to be described. Yolanda, which was the name of the woman, having seen that every thing was in order—

"The blessed Virgin protect you, lady," said she.

"Oh, do not leave me yet!" said Adeliza in a voice of entreaty.

"I must indeed, lady; I was commanded not to stay with you, and I must obey."

"Can you not come to me again?" anxiously enquired Adeliza.

Yolanda shook her head.—"I fear, lady, I cannot; but if I can, I surely will. *Go with God with the Virgin.*"*

* This is farewell in Spanish.

Adeliza

Adeliza was grieved so soon to part with her, as she had flattered herself she might be able to interest her in her favour. She buoyed herself up with the hope that she might yet be able to make the attempt; but, alas! no Yolander came. Worn out with watching, Adeliza took off her clothes, and laid her weary head upon her pillow, soon falling asleep, in spite of the noise of the warring elements. She dreamed she saw her father's form stand by her bedside; that he gazed on her, while tears coursed fast down his pale face; that he wiped them away, sighed heavily, and gradually vanished from her astonished sight. The agitation of her spirits awoke her, and she heard, or fancied she heard, her chamber door cautiously drawn to, and gently shut. Her heart beat, she started up in bed, and hastily pulling back the

the curtain, with an impatient eye, surveyed the room. All was quiet there, and still as death.

" 'Twas midnight, and the rising moon
" Among the lesser stars serenely shone."

Adeliza rose from her bed, and throwing her cloak about her, seated herself at the little casement. Not the smallest remains of the storm were visible. She opened the casement; the air felt fresh and reviving. From the summit of a mountain directly facing her, descended a beautiful cascade. Swelled by the late rain, it rushed down the steep impetuously, sometimes losing itself among the trees and shrubs, at others descending in a broad sheet; then with foaming violence, it fell into the vale, and from the force with which it fell, sending

sending upwards innumerable glittering gems, rendered such by the silvery moon-beams. The effect was solemn and beautiful.

As Adeliza contemplated this scene, her dream, which had made a very strong impression on her mind, became the subject of her meditation. The likeness of her father was striking; and sitting with her hand before her eyes, she had worked up her imagination to such a height, that she almost fancied she should indeed behold *him*. She removed her hand, half hoping, half fearful, but all was still: she smiled at her own weakness, yet wept at her disappointment. She rose, and went to the chamber door, but found it fastened.

"This then," thought she, "accounts for the noise I heard."

She

She sighed heavily, and resumed her seat at the casement. Presently she fancied she heard the sound of distant music: she listened, but all was hushed. Her curiosity was forcibly awakened, and she leaned out of the window. Again her attention was arrested, for she plainly distinguished the notes of a lute, though extremely low and tremulous. The sounds seemed to approach nearer the place where she was: the music became fuller and sweeter, and Adeliza plainly perceived that, whoever the musician was, great taste, as well as masterly execution, was shewn.

"This," she thought, "is very strange, in such a place as this, wild and unfrequented. I will endeavour to discover, if possible, whence this music proceeds."

The musician had for some time ceased, but Adeliza still kept her station; she could not

not persuade herself to think of going to bed again. Presently she descried something moving at a distance among the trees; it vanished, and then again made its appearance. The moon, emerging from behind a heavy cloud, shone directly on the opposite wood, and Adeliza distinctly perceived a human form. The drapery was white, and to her seemed transparent. It moved slowly onward; and then suddenly springing forward with the velocity of lightning, sunk away in the mazes of the wood.

Adeliza was petrified: she had no idea of its being a supernatural appearance; yet in what manner could she account for it? It was not unlikely there might be other habitations in the vicinity of the cabin. She concluded this must be the case; but still she could not feel satisfied

in

in her own mind, that this conclusion w
just one. The strange circumstances
had met with since her arrival at t
place, the letters on the glass, her dre
the music, and elegant form, which
persuaded herself was a female one—
these conspiring together, made a d
impression on her agitated mind.

As she still sat ruminating on th
things, morning dawned; she felt chill
and put on the rest of her clothes, that
might lose no opportunity of speaking
her hostess. Soon after, she heard a bus
in the house, and in a little time was cal
by Horatio. She was greatly disappoin
at not seeing the good-humoured woma
and with desponding steps followed l
guide. Just as she mounted the mu
Yolanda appeared. She stood at the dc
as she enquired how our heroine had rest

Adel

Adeliza beckoned to her; but she, in return, shook her head sorrowfully, pointing to Horatio.

All being now ready, they took leave of the old man and the hospitable Yolanda. As they rode on, she cast a lingering look towards the little cabin, and heaved a sigh, when a clump of trees obscured it from her view.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Fear not,
Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence
And inward storm; He who yon sky involves
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard: o'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless; and that very voice
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.

THOMSON.

ADELIZA, with an eye of restless enquiry, looked all around, to see if she could descry any thing in the form of a human

human habitation; but not a trace was to be seen. Horatio, having got a little a-head of them, she addressed Baptiste.

"Is the house we have just left, the only one in the neighbourhood?"

The only one, lady, for some leagues round."

"Are you certain of that, Baptiste?"

"Yes, lady, perfectly certain; I have been in that cabin more than once in my life, and always went to it with pleasure, and left it with reluctance. 'Tis a dreary road this; I do not above half like it, but duty compels me. Heard you any thing strange last night, lady?" enquired the Moor with an inquisitive air.

"Nothing alarming," answered Adeliza, surprised by the manner as well as the question.

"No!"

"No!" said he, musing. "I did, however; 'tis an unlucky omen for some of us."

"What?" enquired our heroine.

"Why, lady, you must know I heard music in the air: something bad, I fear, will befal us to-day."

"I heard that," said Adeliza; "but not in the air, for, if I mistake not, I saw likewise the musician."

"The blessed Virgin protect us!" said the Moor, crossing himself with a look of dismay. "Saw!—why, lady, what could you see? Yolanda was in bed, and had she not been, well I know she cannot play: no human creature beside her and her old father dwells for leagues about. Well, I say the Holy Virgin defend us!"

He now began to reload his pistols, and joining his comrade, appeared to be endeavouring

endeavouring to persuade him to do the same. Horatio surveyed him contemptuously, and jogged on.

The track they followed, was along the side of a wood, from the dark recesses of which Adeliza almost dreaded she should see some desperate looking figure advance to rob and murder them; nor were her apprehensions by any means diminished, on observing the pale countenance and watchful eye of Baptiste. They now kept under the shelter of a chain of barren mountains, which bore no trace of verdure. The forest still extended along the left, while the mountains formed a barrier to the right.

The day continued to be tempestuous: the rain fell in heavy showers, while the wind howled dismally among the cavities of the rocks. Adeliza had for a while fancied she descried something glistening

among the trees, which, as they continued to advance, still kept moving onward. She felt rather alarmed; but forbore to mention her fears to the Moors. The same object now appeared to have attracted Baptiste's regard. He laid his hand upon his sabre, and kept his eye fixed upon the wood, but uttered not one syllable.

Adeliza was on the forest side, but thought, should she change her place, she should only betray her alarm, without being farther removed from danger. Her sensations were, however, by no means enviable. A shrill whistle made the woods ring. Adeliza started with terror.

"Take this," said Baptiste, thrusting a pistol into her hand; "you, as I well remember, have courage to defend yourself, lady."

She

She took the pistol, and in the next instant she was almost stunned by the report of fire-arms, and from the mountain side, out of one of the caverns, saw a number of armed men rushing forward. Resistance she with dismay observed was vain, and gave up all as lost. Her pistol she hastily concealed beneath her cloak, and in a minute she, with her companions, were surrounded. With terror she surveyed the ferocious looking men; but what still added to her fears and sufferings was, that *Baptiste* lay to all appearance bereft of life upon the ground. She sprang from her mule, and leaned down to see if life was indeed for ever fled. A strange confused murmur ran through the circle of banditti; and raising her eyes, she was astonished to see Horatio clasped in the arms of one of the men. The robbers,

with Horatio, retired a few paces bac appearing to hold an earnest consultatic leaving Adeliza between her mule and t body of her wounded, but not dead co panion.

In this state of suspense she did not lo remain. The men returned; and guessin from the countenance of Horatio, she co cluded that he and the banditti we friends. Such was indeed the case, thoug till they were close to each other, the were ignorant of it: Horatio and one the men were own brothers. By this co currence, all hostile designs were laid asid and Horatio, with Adeliza, were to b suffered to pass on unmolested. This wa however, still a secret to her; and althoug she hoped, she equally dreaded what migl be the issue of this alarming adventure.

No good or evil is such but by comparison: how happy, comparatively so, would she have thought herself, creeping tremblingly along the edge of the frightful precipice, late the object of her dread, compared with what at present she endured!

As, almost breathless with apprehension, she leaned for support against her mule, Horatio for the first time addressed her in French. He told her she might remount her mule, and that she had nothing to fear. This assurance conveyed some degree of comfort to her agitated bosom. Two of the men made a sort of litter, on which they carried the body of the still insensible Baptiste, who had received two very severe wounds, one in his head, and the other in his side. Many had fired at once; and had Adeliza followed the first impulse of

fear, and changed her side, she would unavoidably have been the victim.

They proceeded altogether, but at a very slow pace. Another of the robbers at this minute had joined his companions, and who, from his dress, appeared to be their Chief. He approached Adeliza; he gazed on her with looks of mingled surprise and admiration; he talked, and she endeavoured to answer his questions with affability, but could not divest herself of some degree of dread. His conversation was pleasant, his sentiments just, and his language elegant. Adeliza was astonished that such an exterior of innocence should conceal a depraved heart.

"I should suppose," said she in a hesitating tone of voice, "that you, Sir, cannot long have followed your present course of life?"

The

The young man became pale as ashes; he paused some moments; at length he replied—

"You judge candidly, sweet lady.—Is not then, Oh God! the stamp of villain *yet* impressed on my contracted brow? Born to a very different state, alas! I have rushed headlong upon ruin! I have been extravagant, very foolish, have in many instances acted wrong; but never criminally, till fate compelled me to become the associate of banditti! Yet why accuse *Fate?*—was I not, Oh harrowing thought! driven to this by the machinations of a sister? But——it is past!——I wish her no ill; yet surely those possessions, so inhumanly obtained at the expence of a brother, an only brother's ruin—that ruin effected by artfully imposing on the too easy credulity of an already incensed

father, can never be enjoyed! Young, beautiful, fascinating as she is, can *Vittoria Altimira* ever know happiness?"

Astonishment held Adeliza mute.

"Ye gracious powers!" sighed she, "can it be possible?—Do I hear aright? Is the sister of this truly unfortunate young man, and the lovely treacherous friend of the Marquis, the same? No, I will not pain the acute feeling of this hapless youth by acknowledging I knew her."

They had by this time reached the entrance of a cave, at which they halted. Baptiste was borne in, and she desired to follow. With reluctant steps and a beating heart, she slowly proceeded through dark windings to the gloomy hiding-place. The Captain assured her she need fear no ill—that he would take care she should be treated with the utmost respect.

There

There was a something in the countenance and manner of this young man that inspired confidence, and she felt herself rather more composed. They next descended a flight of narrow steep steps, down which they could not have found their way, but for the assistance of a torch, which one of the men brought from an inner part of the cavern. Having gained the bottom, one of the men, and who proved to be second in command, insisted that both Adeliza and Horatio should be blindfolded.

This ceremony Adeliza was extremely averse to, but was obliged to comply with, the Chief offering his hand to guide her trembling steps. On the bandage being taken from her eyes, she found herself in a large room, or rather dungeon: it was of a triangular form, and at each angle was

piled up a heap of bones; at the top of each a human scull, with a light in it, served as a lamp. In the center of the place blazed an enormous fire, round which was a bench; and at stated distances, a sort of table, composed of rough stones, plastered with clay.

The Chief clapping his hands, a number of men entered, some bearing torches, which they stuck on the tables, and seated themselves in order round the fire. They regarded our terrified heroine with scrutinizing and angry looks, and began a conversation, which was carried on in high terms; and though Adeliza understood not the language, she evidently perceived she was the subject of it. We may partly imagine her sensations, and what were her sufferings. With mingled terror and disgust, she surveyed the grim-looking group

who surrounded her. They were mostly tall athletic men, with complexions naturally approaching to the olive, now ten shades deeper, from being continually exposed to the sun. Many of them had tremendous black mustaches; others long beards. Some were clothed with the skin of wild beasts—others in canvas, each man having a leathern belt round his waist, in which were stuck six pistols; besides which, each was armed with a sort of blunderbuss. The only difference between the dress of the Chief and that of the men was, that he wore no arms, but a sabre, and on his head a fur cap, which was uncommonly beautiful.

The men became clamorous. The Captain rose from his seat with an air of calm dignity. He raised one hand, as if invoking

the aid of a higher power; he laid the other on his heart; he harangued his followers with energetic expression; he seemed to talk of Adeliza; then looking stedfastly towards her, he laid his hand on his sabre, drew it from its scabbard, and pointed it towards his own bosom. A shout of loud applause burst from the mouths of all, the men quietly seated themselves, the sword was returned to its station, and order perfectly re-established.

Dried meat, fruit, and rusks were spread on every table. A large silver goblet of wine was placed before the Chief. Adeliza, though faint from hunger, could not bring herself to taste any thing, though earnestly and repeatedly pressed by the Captain. He appeared hurt by her determined refusal; but although she wished not to give offence,

offence, she could not do such violence to her feelings, as to eat or drink in the den of murderous assassins.

Nothing to a delicate mind could be more distressing than her present situation. The men began freely to indulge in the use, or rather abuse of the wine, of which there seemed to be a most liberal supply. She regarded the unfortunate brother of Vittoria with commiseration. His face, like his sister's, was uncommonly handsome; his eyes dark, with an expression of fierceness, that seemed by no means natural, and which they entirely lost when he addressed her. He looked pale and thin. His forehead, white as ivory, when his cap covered it, appeared as if contracted by intense and bitter thought. He would sit for five minutes together, his eyes fixed upon the fire, as if in deep meditation; when,

when, suddenly recollecting himself, he attempted to rally his spirits, and to talk gaily. It was, however, evidently but an attempt; for presently he relapsed into the same state again.

On his left hand sat the second in command, a complete contrast to his Captain. He was amazingly tall and stout; his eyes so light, as to be in a manner colourless; his mustaches and hair a bristly red; his face almost black from the sun; and across his prominent nose, and along his cheek, under his left eye, was a frightful scar. He had fallen fast asleep; and as he leaned backward, rested against one of the heaps of bones, the lighted scull, which was just above his head, throwing a frightful glare upon him.

Adeliza shuddered as she cast her eyes upon this hideous creature; and turned sick, giddy,

giddy, that she could hardly keep her seat, on observing in his bosom a handkerchief steeped in fresh blood. Horatio, seeing she turned pale, and fearing she would fall, arose to assist her.

"We must now think of going, lady," said he.

Never had any summons been more joyfully received, or obeyed with more alacrity than this. She was already at the door, when she was desired to stop. The Captain informed her she must again submit to be blindfolded. He tied the bandage over her face, and taking her arm, led her on; but not one word escaped his lips.

After numerous turnings and windings, she perceived, from the freshness of the air, they were without the cavern. Her companion eagerly pressed her hand.

"Never,"

" Never," said he in a voice of the utmost agitation, " till this day, did I feel how complete a wretch I am! Farewell, angelic creature! That Being whom you serve, and fear, and trust in, will ever guard and protect you! May every worldly bliss without alloy be your constant portion; and Oh! sometimes think of and pray for the wretched, undone Velasco!"

For a moment Adeliza stood transfixed; her unfortunate conductor had left her. Loosing the bandage from her eyes, she put it into her pocket. The mules were in waiting; and leaving the wounded Baptiste to the care of the robbers, who promised to pay him every attention, they mounted their mules, and took their course along a desert heath.

In

In the midst of the joy Adeliza experienced at the escape she had made, she could not think of the fate and sufferings of the wretched Velasco without a severe pang; and ardently wished it had been within the compass of possibility, for her by any means to become the happy instrument of restoring him to his friends. Alas! wishes, empty wishes were all she had to bestow. A miserable wandering captive herself, what service could she tender?—Only to drop a tear for the more unhappy fugitive, and pray for ease and comfort to the broken heart.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Nought is there under heav'n's wide hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of the mind,
Than beautie brought t'unworthy wretchednesse,
Through Envie's snares, or Fortune's freakes unkind.

FAERY QUEEN.

THE moon, in compassion to the travellers, shone clear and bright; and Horatio, whom the wine had warmed, began to talk.

"We have been very fortunate, lady."

"Yes," replied Adeliza, "in getting from that dreadful place in safety."

"Dreadful,

"Dreadful, do you call it, lady?" said the Moor with surprise. "Why, my brother is as happy as needs be. The wine is excellent; we shall have none such at the chateau."

"What chateau?" eagerly enquired Adeliza.

"Why, lady, as to that, it matters little what chateau it is; but you will see it before sunset, if I mistake not."

"And am I, Horatio, to remain there?"

Her question was not answered. She repeated it, but still without effect. The Moor relapsed into his usual sullen state of taciturnity; and Adeliza was again left solely to her own reflections.

The morning felt cold and raw; she drew her handkerchief from her pocket, and tied it round her throat. They were come to the summit of a very high mountain,

mountain, and Adeliza thought she distinguished at some distance the ocean; but this could be no guide in assisting her to ascertain in what part of this new country she was travelling. The descent was gradual, and the road tolerable. The sun was beginning to streak with red the eastern sky; the morning was tranquil, and the air temperate. Horatio preserved the most profound silence. They passed several neat looking dwellings, the inhabitants of which seemed still to be locked in the arms of sleep; but even the sight of these huts conveyed an idea of safety and peace. These dwellings they soon left behind; but the country continued fertile, and the roads good.

They next entered a narrow pathway, which led them to a gloomy hollow, whose steep sides were covered with large stones; huge

huge pieces of the crags had in many places fallen, and much retarded their progress. In this hollow they travelled some time; the ascent then became bold and rapid, and from the summit of which Adeliza descried part of a building, which seemed, at the distance of some miles, to be embosomed in a vale. Going still on, they reached a little wicket: the fastening was easily removed, and they entered a long avenue of palm-trees, some of which were above a hundred and twenty feet in height. Leaving this, they reached a beautiful vale, along which the pathway wound through a grove of various sorts of trees—beech, walnut, elm, olive, apple, and cherry-trees of amazing size. They now found themselves in a narrow pathway, leading to a rude and gloomy dell, down whose shelving sides

sides trickled several little streams. Suddenly they reached a bridge, romantic and highly picturesque. The water, which came from the heights above, rushed impetuously along, and having passed beneath the bridge, fell gradually from slope to slope; then forming a tremendous cataract, flashed among broken cliffs to an unfathomable depth, where it foamed along with unceasing fury.

Crossing the bridge, which Adeliza had stopped a few minutes to survey, without being reprehended by her guide, they passed on. Two figures in brass, representing some of the tribe of Moorish Kings, attracted her attention. The ruins of a building, which had originally sheltered them, were here scattered upon the ground. In many places were blocks of granite and jasper;

jasper; and here and there the fragments of statues and uncouth figures. A spear, which lay in the way, and over which Adeliza's mule had nigh stumbled, made her heart palpitate, as from this circumstance she concluded they could not be far from the place of her destination.

The sun was high over their heads; yet though shining in meridian splendour, his rays could not penetrate the thickness of the foliage. In this sombre light they travelled for some time, till on a sudden they found themselves on an extensive plain, and immediately facing them, at a few paces distant, were two bastions of amazing size. Behind these was discovered a massy gate, on each side of which was placed an enormous Hydra. The gates were covered all over with plates of brass, though in some parts it seemed decaying.

A horn,

A horn, which with a chain was fastened to the gate, Horatio took down, and sounded. This he loudly repeated more than once, ere any notice was taken of it. At length a soldier looked over the wall, and Horatio speaking to him, he disappeared, and in a few minutes Adeliza heard the heavy key slowly turning in the lock. Her heart failed her as the idea crossed her mind—"Perhaps that key will be turned upon me for ever!"—The gate was opened; and Horatio, desiring Adeliza to proceed, he followed her. The heavy gate was then closed; and she experienced a sensation of horror creep through her veins, as it groaned on its rusty hinges. Passing through a dark postern, they came to a sort of court-yard, entirely overgrown with luxuriant weeds. The walls which surrounded it, were of amazing height. In the

the center of this place there had originally been a fountain, now totally dried up, and sadly disfigured.

Here they were to alight, and leaving the mules to browse upon the weeds, they entered a low archway, which led for about a hundred paces along a dark and narrow passage. Having got to the extremity of this, a gloomy looking dwelling met Adeliza's eye. The sight of this place could convey no soothing, no encouraging emotion, but struck a damp upon her heart, proportioned to the dreary and comfortless appearance of the whole. A heavy flight of broad black steps led up to the entrance of this dwelling. The casements were long and narrow, the glass looking dusky as night. This also was surrounded by a court of a quadrangular form; the encompassing wall was of great thickness

near the top, forming a walk broad enough to admit four or five men abreast, and fortified all round with cannon, sentinels pacing up and down. At each angle was a watch-tower, which commanded a view of the country for miles round. A narrow flight of steps led down from each of these towers into the court-yard, they in many places being imperfect, as was the wall. Wild plants had taken root among the mouldering stones; and the long lean wavy grass gave the appearance of desolation.

Adeliza cast a hurried glance over these objects. Horatio took her by the arm. She shrunk from his touch, and sunk, half fainting, on the steps.

"Oh heavens!" exclaimed she, "must I indeed be forced to enter the inner part of these dismal looking walls?"

"Why

"Why have you taken this journey?" aid Horatio in a surly manner. "Not for amusement, I swear."

"Most true, I did not," she replied.

"Time is precious," said Horatio; "I cannot, weary and hungry as I am, stay parleying here with you. Come, lady, you may as well go in."

Adeliza arose heavily from the steps, and entered the large folding doors, which were opened by the man who had admitted them through the first gate, and who had gone forward to give them entrance here. Immediately they were in a hall, extensive and very lofty. High in air were suspended innumerable colours and banners, many fluttering in rags. The walls were covered with various suits of armour, together with spears and fire-arms of every description.

Many curious devices and inscriptions were intermixed with the arms.

Adeliza's attention was arrested by a statue placed on a low pedestal. It was of marble: the face exquisitely wrought; the artist had done all but breathe life into the figure. The countenance was mournfully expressive: one hand lay spread upon the breast; the other was extended, and with the forefinger seemed to point towards Adeliza. The first view of it startled her; the features were familiar to her; she gazed upon it with a degree of emotion she could not account for. The statue was completely habited in a suit of mail; the cuirass was uncommonly fine, made of highly polished steel, with the Golden Fleece, (the insignia of that honourable order), in embossed gold in the

the center of it. A helmet was on the head, ornamented with a plume of black feathers. The visor was up, and the helmet fastened under the chin. Adeliza could have spent some time in contemplating this interesting figure. There were many similar to it in the hall, but none so beautiful, or that struck her so forcibly as this.

A person now advanced, and civilly welcomed them. Adeliza stared for she could hardly guess of what sex it was that now addressed her. A long black serge cloak wrapped the lean figure. Round the waist it wore a rosary of black beads, to which was suspended a large cross. The face was pale, lean, and long, with wrinkles innumerable; the eyes sunk and hollow; the lips thin and blue; and not one solitary tooth remained: yet, altogether, the face was not displeasing. On the forehead was

bound a piece of coarse white cloth, and over that a black serge hood. In the withered hand it carried a bunch of keys; and applying one of them to a lock, which the hand that held it, wanted strength to turn, Horatio said—

"I will manage that for you, Margaretta."

"It is then a woman," said Adeliza to herself. "I am glad of it."

The door Horatio unlocked, he now threw open. The room was not very large, but extremely lofty; the casements long and narrow, and so high from the floor, that it was impossible to see out of them. They were of painted glass; but so obscured by dust, that it was an ineffectual task to attempt to make out what the subjects had originally been.

Wearied

Wearied and faint, Adeliza seated herself upon a large old fashioned sofa. Horatio, the old woman, and soldier withdrew, Horatio saying—

" Fear nothing, lady; you are perfectly safe; no harm will happen to you. We shall return presently."

He drew the door to after him. Adeliza shuddered; she cast her eyes fearfully around, leaned back in her seat, and covered her face with both hands. Vexed with herself for thus suffering terror to usurp the place of reason and reflexion, she started from the sofa. She would have walked up and down the room; but a black curtain, which reached from the ceiling, and seemed intended as if to conceal something, made her instantly recoil. She turned hastily to avoid the sight, when another curtain, exactly similar to the first,

still added to her fears. Once more therefore she resumed her seat. She endeavoured to reason herself out of her alarm; but this was no easy task. Presently she was relieved from this uneasy situation by the door being opened, and Horatio, with the old woman, entered.

"I have brought you some refreshment, lady," said she.

Adeliza gladly partook of some chocolate, and eat some biscuit, while Horatio paced up and down the apartment. Having finished her meal, she was desired to follow. Horatio, with Margaretta, led the way through a narrow winding passage, then up a flight of almost perpendicular stairs, into a gallery, at the extremity of which they passed through a door. Descending a few steps, they were in a little square landing-place, in which were four doors close

close to each other. One of these being unfastened, Horatio informed Adeliza, that was to be her chamber; adding, that he should remain but a day or two at the Chateau to recruit himself, and then return to the Castle of Santa Fe, to inform the Duke Garcias Moresco of her safe arrival at that place. He then left her, as did Margaretta.

Adeliza, alone, cast her eyes timidly round her dreary apartment. It was dusk, and the windows placed so high, and covered so thick with dust, that they admitted but a few blunted rays of light. With a desponding heart, she seated herself upon an immense high-backed chair. As spent, she reclined on it, and it giving way, she rose, and walked up and down. She was surprised to see no appearance of a bed: upon reflection, however, she was pleased

at this, as she could hardly suppose sh should be debarred from the use of one and flattered herself she should, in th course of the evening, be once more visite by the old woman. She felt chilled; an drawing her handkerchief from her pocke tied it round her throat. She continue for some time, though extremely fatigued to walk up and down her chamber. I grew dark, and once more she resumed he seat. Alone, and shrouded in darkness, he reflections were tinctured with dejectio almost bordering on despair. In agon she pondered on all that had in so short time befallen her. What was next to b her lot? It was a comfortless, a drear idea; but to drive away busy obtrudin thought was impossible.

An hour spent in this solitary and un pleasant manner, seemed an age to the oppressed

oppressed Adeliza. An approaching foot-step made her heart beat with a something like hope. Presently her door was opened, and a woman made her appearance; but not the same she had before seen. In one hand she bore a light, and in the other a small basket. She looked to be between thirty and forty; robust, her face swarthy, and her countenance severe.

"Here, Signora," said she, in a harsh voice, "I have brought you some provisions and a light. Horatio desired me to inform you, that in every respect you are to be treated according to the Duke's commands, only differing in the place of confinement. Here," continued she, opening a pair of dark folding doors, "is your bed: I will light your lamp, and then leave you till to-morrow night."

Adeliza listened in silence to all she said, saw her light the lamp, and suffered her to depart, without speaking one syllable; for there was nothing in the appearance of this rough woman to encourage a wish to enter into conversation with her. The door was pulled to, and carefully locked. Adeliza sighed heavily as the sound of her footsteps died away, leaving her to silence and dreary solitude.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreadful sight, twice seen of us,
Therefore I have entreated him, along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE lamp, which was suspended by a chain from the roof, threw a faint and uncertain light around the apartment, its feeble rays not reaching the extremity of any

any part of it. Adeliza would have taken it down, but found it was so fastened, as not to be removed. She approached the recess in which was her bed, but shrunk back on beholding it. The head of it faced her: it was narrow and long; the upper part of it was a canopy, terminating at the top in a point, with a cross of gold to finish it. The drapery was of black velvet, trimmed with a deep gold fringe; and where it was festooned, done with gold cord and tassels, now much tarnished. The velvet, on which the moths had, unmolested, made their depredations, was in some places dropping to pieces. The coverlid was also of velvet. As she surveyed this, she fancied she saw a something glitter upon the pillow. She recoiled with dread from the place where she stood, wanting courage to approach, and see what it was that caused her alarm.

Terror

Terror had now usurped the place of reason; and to such a pitch had she worked up her imagination, that she started at her own shadow as she crossed the room. She endeavoured to get rid of her fears, by reflecting that in reality, she had met with nothing that could be an object of serious apprehension; and feeling ashamed of her cowardice, she boldly determined to ascertain what it was. She went towards the head of the bed: the same object met her eye; she extended her hand; then, wanting sufficient courage, dropped it once more. At length, summoning all her firmness to her aid, she discovered that what had dazzled her eyes, was a dagger. She dropped it from her trembling fingers, and for a minute stood fixed with horror. Once more she took it in her hand, and carrying it to the lamp, and examining it, found

found it was uncommonly handsome. hilt was richly studded with preci stones, the steel beautifully polished ; n did it bear any appearance of ever havi been used for any unnatural purpose. O the upper part of the hilt, upon a gol plate, but so small as, without the closest inspection, to be imperceptible, were the letters V. A.

Adeliza thought she might as well keep the dagger. This brought to her recollection the pistol she carried in her pocket, which Baptiste had given her upon being attacked by the banditti. She took it from her pocket, and laid it on the table that stood beneath the lamp ; nor could she, in spite of her fears, forbear smiling at the defensive weapons with which she was now accoutred. The dagger she stuck in her girdle, concealing the handle in the folds of

of her gown. She next examined the contents of the basket brought her by the woman, which consisted of dried fruit, baked meat, and biscuit, together with an earthen bottle filled with milk.

Adeliza, feeling no immediate inclination to partake of any of it, left it untouched. She could not prevail upon herself to think of getting into the black and gloomy bed; but resolved to endeavour to invite some repose in the crazy chair, which was the only one in the room. She seated herself, and endeavoured to compose her spirits. She reflected she had done harm to no one; that she was not now confined as a punishment due to any crime she had been guilty of, but by the arbitrary commands of one to whom she had given no cause of offence. She farther reflected on the many dangers she

she had escaped in her journey, and trusted that the same beneficent Power who had hitherto been her guard, would not at this time forsake her. So soothing a reliance calmed her agitated spirits, and hope diffused itself through her mind.

Percy, who was scarcely ever absent from her thoughts, was the next object of her meditation. She rejoiced at having been able to preserve his picture, and rose from her seat, to go nearer the light, and treat herself with a view of his dear resemblance. The supposition of his having forsaken her for another, she almost succeeded in banishing from her mind. How apt is the human mind to think what it wishes, to be true!—so it was that she could contemplate his likeness, without any of those violently painful emotions which she suffered on the receipt of Lady Anna's letter.

letter. She unfastened the handkerchief she had tied round her throat, and perceived it was not her own; nor could she at that moment recollect how she had come by it. She examined it minutely; it was cambric of the very finest texture, and in one corner were marked the letters V. A. She started, bewildered by ten thousand conjectures; for the letters were the same with those upon the dagger. Like a flash of lightning, it rushed across her mind—"The handkerchief must be the property of the luckless Velasco!—Yes, he blindfolded me; it is surely his. Then the dagger must also belong to him; but how could it come upon that bed?"

This was an enigma she could not possibly solve. Having contemplated for some little time the features of him so justly

justly dear to her, she returned the picture to its place, and reseated herself; but the circumstance of the dagger, together with the figure of the unhappy Velasco, haunted her imagination, and almost superseded every other remembrance.

Exhausted in body and mind, she threw herself back in her chair, and again it seemed to give way. She rose and examined it, wondering how this could happen, for it rested close to the wainscot; she pressed against it, and found it yielded to her pressure. The chair was covered with old-fashioned tapestry; she removed the cushion, and lifted up the tapestry that covered the back, and to her infinite surprise, discovered a panel, that appeared to be divided from the rest. She could not discern, however, where it was fastened, as the light was too

far

far off to shew any thing distinctly. Determined not easily to be baffled, Adeliza went to the lamp, and twisting a piece of paper, lighted it. She then examined every part of the panel, but could discover nothing. Her paper was now extinguished; but she gave not up the attempt. Kneeling upon the seat of the chair, with both hands she pushed with all her strength against the panel. Suddenly it gave way, and she fell forwards with considerable violence. She was, however, more terrified than hurt, for she had not fallen far, only from the height of the chair, which was a low one, to the ground.

The moon shone bright upon her. For some moments she lay upon the floor, too much amazed even to raise her eyes. At length she ventured, and cast a hurried glance around. Nothing here appeared

to alarm her farther. The room she was so unexpectedly introduced into, was small, but lofty. The furniture, which she could by the light of the moon distinctly see, was handsome, though antique; and the window by no means so high from the floor as those she had seen in the other parts of the building. Immediately under it stood a massy brass table; and standing upon this, any one might with ease see out of the casement. Adeliza wished, yet feared to mount the table. Her curiosity was strongly awakened to know in what part of the building she now was; but she wanted resolution to examine the door leading from this room.

Some time she stood wavering between inclination and a sort of dread. At length the former gained the victory, and with hesitating steps she got upon a chair, and thence

thence upon the table. The window was a latticed one, opening in several small compartments. Adeliza unfastened the one nearest to her, and anxiously explored the view from it. She found she was at a considerable distance from the earth, the window looking down upon a terrace, along which cannon being placed, gave this part of the building an appearance of being strongly fortified; and beyond, as far as could be judged, was a deep valley, which this terrace entirely commanded. Beyond, and between two immense hills, she thought she could descry the ocean; of this, however, the distance being so great, she could not correctly judge.

The night was delightful, and all was silent as the grave. The moon shone with mild radiance upon the grassy terrace; and the heavens were spangled with innumerable

innumerable stars. The clock with so
swell tolled out the dreadful hour of tw
Adeliza started at the unexpected s
Presently thinking she perceived s
thing moving along at the further e
the terrace, she retreated a little, supp
it might be one of the sentinels, an
wished not to be observed. Not he
the sound of footsteps, she ventured
to look out; but what language can
vey an adequate idea of her sensa
what words do justice to her feelings,
she distinctly and visibly saw a fi
dressed in a complete suit of arn
standing in a fixed attitude, a few
from her window? She gazed on the
with extreme emotion; for she was
vinced it was the same that had so str
attracted her regard in the hall. Th
she could not distinguish; but the he

with the black plume, was precisely the same; and from the figure continuing for some time stationary, as if in contemplation of some object seen from the terrace, Adeliza had time to be confirmed in her first conjecture respecting it. How was it possible to account for this appearance otherwise than that it was supernatural? The figure slowly moved onward; she followed it with her eyes; it reached the extremity of the terrace, and turned again, passing with solemn and measured steps beneath her casement, directing the head towards the same object that before seemed to have interested it. It made no farther pause, however; but slowly walking on, while yet she gazed on it, vanished from her astonished sight.

In a few moments she closed the casement, got down from the table, and retired

through the panel to her apartment, replaced it, pulled down the tapestry, and readjusting the cushion, once more seated herself in the chair. The lamp was glimmering in its socket, and presently afterwards went out, leaving her enveloped in darkness.

For some time she continued to meditate on the extraordinary event she had just witnessed, till exhausted nature getting the better of her fears, she fell, as she sat, into an undisturbed repose. When she awoke, she started, and gazed around her; she scarcely recollected where she was, but a moment's reflection represented every thing as it really stood. She arose, and walked towards the table. The sight of the pistol brought many interesting circumstances to her remembrance; and she could not without gratitude think how

providential it was that she had taken it from her pocket before she made the attempt to force the panel, otherwise, had it then been about her, it would in her fall, in all likelihood have gone off, and wounded, perhaps killed her.

Adeliza had ample time to ruminate on these things; for some hours elapsed, and no one made their appearance. She took from the basket some provisions, and thankfully partook of the milk. With accuracy she examined her apartment; it was large, and had but little furniture—the important chair, and the table placed beneath the lamp, together with a black marble slab, over which hung a crucifix, being the whole it contained. A small door, close by the recess, in which was placed her bed, attracted next her attention. She tried the lock; it opened with

ease. She found it was a small room, in which stood a table, and upon it lay a human scull, an hour-glass, and a Latin prayer-book, open.

Adeliza surveyed all this with composure. She returned to her apartment, and once more examined the bed. It looked dismal; but not so much so, as it had struck her the preceding night. She turned down the coverlid, resolving to banish her apprehensions, and take possession of it that very night, after she had revisited the so strangely discovered room, but not *till* late, lest she should be interrupted.

At that still hour, too, she purposed again to watch for the appearance of the mysterious figure who had walked the terrace, and about whom she could not help feeling herself deeply interested.

As,

As, pensive, she sat ruminating on the cruelty of her destiny, her door was opened, and old Margaretta appeared.

"I hope, Signora, I see you well," said the good woman in a kind tone of voice; "though I fear you have slept but ill. Are you inclined to walk a little?"

The offer was embraced with avidity, and Adeliza thanked her for this attention. As they went along the gallery, Margaretta would for minutes together fix her eyes earnestly on Adeliza's face, without speaking one word. She thought this odd, but took no notice of it. Entering a passage, and descending some stairs, they found themselves in the hall. The old woman was very communicative and very attentive. Adeliza approached the statue; it stood precisely as she had seen it the preceding day. As she continued to examine it, three

soldiers, with Horatio, hastily entered the hall. They advanced to the place where she stood, with looks of evident alarm; and pointing to the statue, without taking any notice whatever of her, continued to talk as if on some highly interesting topic. They then left the hall together.

"What is the matter?" enquired Adeliza. "Those men seemed to be in tumultuous agitation."

"It is, Signora, a strange business indeed. Two of those soldiers declare they have seen for several nights this statue walk along the ramparts."

"Indeed!" said she. "Was that the subject of their eager conversation?"

"Yes, Signora; they wished to persuade Horatio to credit their assertions, and he has promised to keep the watch with them to-night. As to myself, I cannot wonder at

at any thing, however strange, that may happen here: it has been an unfortunate house! But come, we will now leave this part of it. Horatio, I think, was not pleased to see us here; so, if you please, we will return to your chamber. When he goes, if you like it, Signora, I will shew you the whole of this noble building."

Adeliza retired to her room, into which she was locked by the old servant. Here she found a fresh supply of provisions, which had been brought during her absence. With extreme impatience she waited for night: never had any time appeared more tedious than that which intervened between the time she was left by old Margaretta, and that in which she had resolved to watch the reappearance of the spirit of the terrace. The Castle clock striking eleven, Adeliza cautiously un-

fastened the panel, the spring of which she had in the course of the day discovered. She stepped through it, and had now gained sufficient courage to examine the door leading out of this apartment, and which she found was locked on the outside. Without the smallest hesitation, she mounted the table. A sudden thought struck her, which, though whimsical, she yielded to, by going to her chamber, and bringing thence the pistol. She hardly herself knew what use she should make of it; certainly no mischievous one.

The evening was stormy; and the clouds, passing in quick succession over the sickly face of the moon, rendered the light of it very uncertain; so much so, that she feared she should not be able to distinguish what passed below. Two sentinels walked in earnest

earnest conversation beneath her window; and she observed that they concealed themselves behind a cannon, at the extremity of the terrace. The clock struck twelve. Adeliza, in breathless expectation, awaited in vain the approach of the figure. The night was cold; but she could not think of yet leaving the window. The clock now struck one, and presently the figure, the same as on the preceding night, slowly advanced. Adeliza had accidentally rested the pistol upon the frame of the window. The figure reached the place it had before stopped at: it paused, and for a few minutes remained there; then, instead of continuing the walk, slowly turned, and with measured pace returned from whence it came.

The men started from their place of concealment, and hastily made towards the spectre. Adeliza's hand was upon the pistol:—unconsciously she eagerly grasped it; the pistol went off, and dropped from her trembling fingers, and one of the soldiers fell prostrate to the earth; the other stood motionless. Adeliza, convinced she could have done no harm, as she fired in a straight direction, felt no terror, as she was convinced it was fear alone that now transfixed them, and prevented their continuing the pursuit.

Presently several soldiers made their appearance, and joined their two terrified comrades; and after a few seconds' conversation, they all walked together several times up and down the terrace, and then left it, without seeing any thing further of the apparition.

Adeliza

Adeliza watched on till almost stiffened with cold, and at length retiring from the window, in safety regained her own chamber. Fastening her secret door after her, and courageously taking off her clothes, she repaired to her dismal looking bed.

CHAP. IX.

Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears that heard her flattery; nor my heart
That thought her like her seeming.

SHAKESPEARE.

IT may now be proper to take some notice of what was passing at the Castle of Santa Fe. The morning succeeding that Adeliza had left it, the Marquis Almanza entered the Duke's study. He found him pale and dejected.

"You

"You have heard no tidings, Marquis," said the Duke, "have you, of the Marchioness?"

"Alas! no, my Lord, not the most remote."

After a pause of some length—"I cannot help thinking," said the Duke, "that if Miss Pembroke is privy to the Marchioness's elopement, and of that I myself have no doubt, we cannot be long kept in a state of suspense. The appearance and coarse manners of the men to whose care I have entrusted her, must be extremely disgusting; nor will the Castle in the valley, whither I have sent her, be by any means a pleasing place of confinement. These circumstances combined, will, if I mistake not, speedily induce the timid Adeliza to confess all she knows. I shall await

await the return of Horatio with impatience."

Three days elapsed, and still no tidings arriving from Horatio, the Marquis became each hour more restless and wretched; while the bosom of the Duke was torn by a thousand conflicting emotions. What was he to conjecture from this delay, but that Adeliza had bribed her guards to favour her escape, and that she had, by some deep-laid plan, been able to join the Marchioness!—This idea, however improbable it might seem, soon gained credit with the Marquis.

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed he, "how can this dreadfully mysterious business ever be cleared up? Never, no, never! I greatly fear my ruin is, alas! too sure and lasting!"

"What

"What think you now, Marquis," said the Duke, in a sarcastic tone, "of what Donna Vittoria hinted? I then regarded her insinuations as false and malicious; now I begin to think as she did."

"Hah!" groaned the Marquis, "think you so, my Lord? How horrible is that suspicion! But I swear, by that Power who called me into being, I will dive to the bottom of these black contrivances; and if my fears are confirmed—if Count Julian is the Marchioness's companion, he shall not live!"

He rang the bell with violence. A servant instantly obeyed the summons.

"Order me the fleetest horse, and desire Sylvius to attend me. I will," said he, turning to the Duke, "this moment away to the chateau of the Duchess Infantado,

and, if possible, draw from Vittoria in distinct terms, what she has as yet but darkly hinted. To live in this state, is distraction; any thing is preferable to such torturing suspense!"

The Duke did not oppose this measure; but, wishing him success, saw him mount his horse, and, attended by Sylvius, depart. The Marquis Almanza, as he drew near the place of his destination, stopped at a *posada* to bait his wearied horse. He enquired of the host if any strangers had lately passed that way, and was answered—"Yes, a gentleman and two ladies called at the door; they did not alight, but merely stopped while the mules had some water."

"Did you know the gentleman?" asked the Marquis.

"No,

"No, my Lord, I did not; but one of my people told me it was the Count Julian, a very handsome young man."

"Were either of the ladies beautiful?" asked the Marquis in extreme agitation.

"I did not see either, my Lord; but my wife told me one was uncommonly so; the other she could not see, as she sat back in the carriage."

This information was sufficient for the Marquis, and he instantly concluded, with his wonted impetuosity, without thinking of the improbability of the supposition, that the Marchioness and Adeliza were the companions of the Count Julian. This impression did not, however, make him swerve from his first intention of visiting the chateau. Faint and weary, at twelve o'clock at night he arrived there. He rang several times before he obtained admission,

and

and then was informed that the Duchess Infantado, with Donna Vittoria Altimira, had some days before set out for England.

"Who accompanied them?" asked the Marquis.

"No one, my Lord, but the servants."

"Are you certain of that?"

"Yes, my Lord, perfectly so."

It being so very late, and the horses completely knocked up, the Marquis, judging it best to remain at the chateau till morning, ordered his wearied animals to the stable, and went himself into the saloon.

Harassed in mind, and fatigued in body, he yet thought not of even attempting to obtain any repose, but walked up and down the room, till his limbs felt as if they would give way beneath him. All the cruel insinuations of Vittoria against the Marchioness,

Marchioness, recurred with redoubled force to his mind; and he cursed his own folly and blindness, that had rendered him insensible to the impropriety of his wife's conduct;—then arose, with all her fascinating charms, the lovely form of Vittoria to his mind's eye, and he wished, from the bottom of his soul, that he had followed his uncle's advice, and married her, whom, he firmly believed, from what she herself had declared, loved him with ardour. These reflections added scorpion stings to his former sufferings; nor could he resolve on any one step proper to be taken in this distressing, this truly painful and mortifying business. To try to overtake the fugitives would be vain. What could he do?—Return to Santa Fe, and again consult his uncle? This seemed to be the most reasonable course he could pursue, and he determined

determined upon it. He ordered h horses out in the morning, and with le speed than he left home, returned to it.

In the interim, the Duke was by means easy. No news of either Adeliza her guards had transpired. The mo harrowing emotions conspired to tortu him: he could neither eat nor sleep, b wandered about the Castle, like a gui pursued spirit.

Day after day passed in this miserat state of suspense, when the intelligen arrived of the destruction of the Castle the valley, and his consternation was pr portioned to his wonder; and he in superlative degree experienced those su ferings he had endeavoured to inflict the innocent and persecuted Adeliza.

Ths Marquis returning, the Duke read agreed that the best thing he could

under the present circumstances, was to go to England. This measure resolved upon, no time was lost in putting it into execution. Accordingly, the Marquis Almanza, with his servant, the faithful Sylvius, set off for England, leaving the Duke a prey to his own insupportable reflections.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

How wide and deep the shades of night descend,
And all the works of nature and of art
Lie buried in the broad incumbent gloom!
An awful silence reigns throughout,
And gives new terrors to my boding breast.

MAURICE.

ADELIZA found old Margaretta kindly disposed to shew her every indulgence in her power, though that power was very much circumscribed. She had now been a week at the chateau, without the smallest variation. The days she dragged through in

the most painful state of inactivity; the ghts in watching for the return of the ›parition, which however did not appear. ›r six successive nights, she watched in ıin, when the moon being gone, she gave ›, at least for the present, waiting the ›pearance of the spectre, and passed her ghts quietly in her sable bed, to which e now regularly retired, quite divested all uneasiness.

It was now three days that Margaretta d not visited Adeliza, the other woman gularly bringing her basket, and lighting r lamp. She began to fear that the old ›man's memory had been treacherous, d she felt disappointed at it. On the urth morning Margaretta entered her amber.

"I have not forgotten my promise, gnora," said she; "but I could not come

come before. I have, indeed, been f
from well. Horatio departed three da
ago:—he saw the ghost, and was so mu
alarmed, he would stay no longer. A
you now disposed to see all the hou
Signora?"

Adeliza without hesitation accepted h
offer, and they left the chamber togethe

"Well," continued Margaretta, "all th
is very strange; that ghost alarms eve
one; and then you are sent here!—We
well, I am surprised at nothing, Signo
not I. But come, we will now go into th
gallery: mayhap you may like to see th
pictures; they are counted very fi
ones."

After passing through several rooms, s
magnificently furnished, and in many plac
in a modern style, they reached the pictu
gallery. The paintings were many of the
uncommonl

uncommonly fine originals, from the best masters. Many portraits were among them; but no one that particularly attracted Adeliza's attention.

Having spent an hour agreeably here, they passed on into an elegant drawing-room, which, though not large, was beautiful. The furniture was of pale blue silk; the window-curtains elegantly festooned with purple cords and tassels; the lustres purple and white crystal. A handsome organ was placed at one end of it, and a book lay open, as if some one had but just left the instrument. Adeliza drew near it; she perceived that the music was the Spanish Madrigal in the original language.

"Who," enquired she with surprise, "has been playing here?"

"No one, Signora," answered Margaretta with a heavy sigh, "since my dear

young master did, and that is more than three years ago."

"And where is he now?" asked Adeliza.

"Oh!" replied the old woman mournfully, "in heaven I hope and believe! Alack! he died so suddenly, I could hardly bring myself to believe the sad story, till I was forced to do so. He was the kindest, sweetest young gentleman that ever lived; but he is gone, and all my tears, foolish old woman as I am, can never bring him back again! See, Signora, this was his bedchamber, and this his dressing-room. Here is his coat, just as he pulled it off; never have I had the heart to move it since that fatal day; but every now and then I come here, and look on them, and that brings him so fresh to my memory, that I cry till I am like to break my heart. These three rooms, Signora, were his own."

"We

"We had better leave them," said Adeliza, much affected by the old woman's grateful remembrance of her young master. "You said you would shew me the corridor."

"And so I will, Signora. See, here is the door that the dear young gentleman used of an evening to walk out of; and then he would play so delightfully!—Oh lear, it would have done your heart good to hear him!"

This subject Adeliza perceived was a most favourite one; and though Margaretta wept all the time she talked, she would not change it.

The corridor extended almost all round the building. The air, though sharp, felt reviving to Adeliza. She considered the age of her conductress, and would not take advantage of her good-nature.

drawing it, " here he

ted on observing

t bore to the

, " the young gen-

ath you deplore ?"

is indeed, Signora;—was he

tiful ? See, what a handsome

!—what a heavenly face!—how bright

yes!—how fine his colour! Look at

ands—how white, and as soft as down!

Oh Signora! you cannot see the best

—his noble, generous heart! Now,"

inued she, while tears streamed afresh

n her furrowed face, " he is moulder-

in the dust! Oh sad, sad!"

You tell me," said Adeliza, " he died

lenly ? Why are you so certain he

"We had better, I think, Margaretta, go back to the house; I fear you are fatigued."

"True, Signora, I am an old woman, and one who has seen much affliction. We will, if you please, return through the hall, and then I will shew you my dear young master's pictures."

They crossed the hall, and Adeliza could not pass through it without bestowing a look on the mysterious statue; there it stood, precisely in the same position as when first it met her view. They entered the room into which Adeliza on her arrival was shewn.

"Dear heart, Signora, I do indeed think you would have liked my young master; but you shall see. Look," continued she, advancing to one of the curtains that had so much alarmed Adeliza on a former night,

night, and undrawing it, " here he is !"

She advanced, but started on observing the strong likeness the portrait bore to the unfortunate Velasco.

" Is this," said she, " the young gentleman, whose death you deplore ?"

" Alas ! it is indeed, Signora ;—was he not beautiful ? See, what a handsome form !—what a heavenly face !—how bright his eyes !—how fine his colour ! Look at his hands—how white, and as soft as down ! But, Oh Signora ! you cannot see the best part—his noble, generous heart ! Now," continued she, while tears streamed afresh down her furrowed face, " he is mouldering in the dust ! Oh sad, sad !"

" You tell me," said Adeliza, " he died suddenly ? Why are you so certain he

really is dead? May you not have been misinformed? May he not still live?"

"Oh no, no—too true he died!—more alas! the pity. My old heart has known no happiness since the fatal news arrived: but if you will not be tired with hearing an old woman talk, I will come to you at night, and relate all his story. Now I cannot, for I have other business to attend to. I will shew you the way to your chamber, when you have finished examining this picture, and the other which I will shew you."

The pictures, before each of which was drawn a black silk curtain, were both of them evidently intended for the same person, though taken at different periods. One was quite a youth, represented as hugging a large spaniel; the other manhood,

hood, and bearing a striking resemblance to Velasco, excepting that when Adeliza saw him as Captain of banditti, he had not only lost the bloom which innocence, health, and a mind at ease give, but looked pale, wretched, and careworn. She was, however, convinced these pictures could be intended for no one else. Having for some little time examined them, she returned to her chamber.

With impatience she waited for the promised visit of Margaretta: she listened for the sound of her footstep. Hour after hour passed, but in vain; the clock struck one, and found her still watching; her lamp beginning to glimmer in its socket, again warned her how late it was. Wearied and disappointed, she stepped into her dreary bed, but sleep had fled from her eyes. About five she arose, and as she

dressed herself, thought that, as it was some time since she had visited her secret room, she would now go, by way of a little variety. She opened the panel cautiously, and had begun to pass through, but instantly retreated with alarm, on hearing the door of that chamber carefully shut, and then locked. With trembling hands she replaced the panel, and with her eyes fixed on the door, waited in fearful apprehension of seeing some unwelcome visitor enter it; but her fears were groundless.

Two days elapsed, and Adeliza saw nothing of Margaretta. On the evening of the third, when her little basket was brought by the woman, she enquired after her, and heard with sorrow she was far from well. Adeliza begged to know if she might be permitted to visit her.

"I do

" I do not suppose there can be any harm in that," replied the woman. " Yes, Signora, if you chuse, you may now come. I am going there, and will shew you the way."

Adeliza followed her conductress along the gallery. They turned out of it into a passage, from which four very long ones branched off in different directions. At the end of one of these, they entered a small room, where, on a mattress, lay poor Margaretta. She turned her head to see who came in; and with looks of mingled joy and surprise exclaimed—

" Ah, Signora! is it you? How kind to visit a poor old creature like me!—you are very good. I have been too ill, Signora, to stir from my room this three days, or I should have done as I promised. Do, Beatrice, go to your business: you

well know, if you stay here, Bernardo will chide you. I dare say the Signora can find the way back to her own room, if you leave the lamp for her."

This Adeliza readily said she could, glad to get rid of Beatrice, seating herself upon a little stool by Margaretta's bedside.

"I am so glad to see you, Signora! I durst not tell Beatrice how I wished it. I cannot help thinking that, did I impart to you the sad history of my dear lamented young master, I should feel easier; for, alack! it presses heavily on my heart."

"Had you not better defer it till you are recovered?" said Adeliza. "The recital will I fear agitate you, and perhaps make you worse."

"No, Signora, let it be now; for if I guess aright, I shall never be better in this world. The loss of my young Lord was the

the death of all my happiness, and I am fast following him; but I will proceed with his history. You must know then, Signora, that the Duke Altimira,"—(Adelina started)—"my late master, was a very good gentleman. More than sixty years have I lived in his family, and therefore I knew him well. He had the best heart in the world, though sometimes hasty and passionate. His Lady died upon the birth of her second child. The Duke grieved sorely for the loss of her, and could not bear the inoffensive baby in his sight. For many months he kept in this mind: at last he had it brought to him; but still he never seemed to love the dear little cherub half so well as he did his daughter, who was called, after her mother, Vittoria. She was a lovely child to be sure; but the Duke spoiled her by indulging her in every

thing. Her brother Velasco was kept in the nursery, and punished for every trifling fault. He had a proud spirit; and if he was accused wrongfully, would not even endeavour to clear himself, but submitted to correction without saying one word. His temper though, in spite of this, was sweet, and not a creature in the chateau but loved him.

"When the Lady Vittoria was about twelve years of age, the Duke's sister, the Duchess Infantado, came to live here, having offered to take the charge of the young lady's education. The Duchess was a haughty woman, and disliked by every one, and in particular by my young Lord. She was, however, very wise, and taught my young lady to draw and play, and all them sort of things; and my Lord Duke was highly pleased, because she made his daughter

daughter so clever. Well, Signora, all went on smooth enough for some time. Let me see—aye, my young Lady would then be about eighteen, very beautiful indeed. My young master was a year younger. So then a distant relation of the Duke's came to pay a visit here; and my young Lady Vittoria never made any mischief, but was so kind and obliging as never was. All was right that her brother Velasco did. Then he and the Count Julian—that was the young gentleman's name—went away on their travels together; and my young Lady took on sadly when they were gone, and shut herself up in her room, and would see no one. In a few days she was, however, in good spirits again. The Duchess and she tried all they could to prevail upon the Duke to take them to Granada, because it was so dull here: no soul, they said, ever

to

to see them, but my Lord Duke's confessor, who had also educated my young Lord, the Father La Merci; but the Duke would not suffer them to leave the chateau. After three years' absence, the young gentlemen returned; but so improved they both were, it would have done your eyes good to have seen them. I well remember my master came first into the hall.—'Ah Margaretta!' said he, 'are you still here?' —And, would you believe it, Signora, he shook hands with me, saying, while his bright eyes sparkled—'Do tell me where are my dear father and sister?'

"All went on pleasant, and the chateau was so gay, and every face looked happy. Then it was my young master had those rooms done up for him that you were in. But all of a sudden he turned sad and melancholy. It came out that he had spent

a deal

a deal of money, (it was at least believed so), and his father was sadly enraged at him. Then he would sit for hours together alone; and he would play such sweet music, though very mournful; and often I saw he had been crying. All this, Signora, made my heart ache; and then the Duke would scold him terribly, and I did hear him one day threaten to turn him out of doors. Every one was grieved; but no one could guess what was the matter. Well, then, at last the Count Julian went away; and a day or two after, my Lord Duke had a desperate quarrel with his son. How it vexed me when his valet told me this!— 'And,' says he, 'I hope my dear master will leave the chateau; for he is welcome wherever he goes. He is, you know, Margaretta, a Captain of the Walloon Guards, and that is a very great honour; and who

can

can deserve it so well as he does?—I tell you what, Margaretta—he has a bitter enemy in this house, and that is his sister. I know what I know; but it is not for a servant to speak.'

"Well, Signora, sure enough my dear master left the chateau the very next day; and sorely did all the servants mourn, though we hoped he would not stay long away. After he had been gone a few weeks, my Lord Duke was taken very ill, and his physician said he could not live long; so an express was sent for his son, as he said he could not die in peace without seeing and forgiving him; and every time the door opened, he said—'Is Velasco come?'—Alas! he never came; but in his stead, late in the evening, the messenger that had been sent for him, who was covered with dust and blood. He said my young master had

had set out with him instantly on receiving the letter; that they were attacked by a desperate troop of banditti, and he was killed upon the spot. So then my young Lady, when she heard this, screamed, and wringing her hands, flew into her father's chamber, crying out—'My brother, my dear brother is murdered!'—Then the Duke started from his bed, and ran towards the door, exclaiming—'My boy, my dear Velasco!'—but before he reached it, he dropped down motionless, and never spoke more, alas! poor gentleman. Then my Lady Vittoria grieved sadly, and she could not bear to see the pictures of her brother; and as the Duke would not, when he was alive, have them taken down, she durst not do so now, but had black silk curtains drawn before each of them.

"A short

"A short time after the death of the Duke, the Duchess, with the Lady Vittoria, left the chateau, it was so melancholy, they said; and they went to live at a seat belonging to the Duchess. Not wishing to go with them, I was left in charge of the house, with Beatrice, who is the only female beside myself in it. The soldiers are here, as usual; and Bernardo, who is husband to Beatrice, is steward. He is, between ourselves, a savage, cruel man, so that it is far from pleasant living here, Signora: in truth, the only comfort I have, is in wandering through and through my dear young master's rooms, and hoping I shall again meet him in heaven."

"It is not I think impossible," said Adeliza, "but that you may experience the pleasure of meeting him again before you leave this world. Why, Margaretta,

are

are you so certain that he really was killed by the banditti? He might only have been severely wounded."

"No, Signora, I cannot flatter myself but he must have been killed, or long before this time he would have come back here."

"Well," said Adeliza, who was in her own mind convinced that Velasco and the Chief were one and the same person, yet feared to tell the old woman so, "something whispers me he may be still alive. Keep up your spirits, my good Margaretta."

"You are very good, Signora; the blessed Virgin reward your kindness! I already feel much happier for having related my story. Good night, dear lady!"

Adeliza, lighting her lamp, without the least fear took the way to her own chamber.

Reflecting

Reflecting upon the story just related to her, she walked thoughtfully on, till suddenly it struck her that the passage seemed much longer than it had done as she went. She stopped and looked around her, to ascertain where she was, and with surprise discovered she was in a place to which she was totally a stranger. She hesitated whether she should return, or proceed; however she kept on, as she had no idea of bewildering herself, so as to prevent her finding the way to her chamber again. After traversing numerous passages, she surprised herself in the hall. She drew near the statue, the cause of so much alarm, and for some minutes stood contemplating it. The figure that haunted the terrace bearing so striking a resemblance to this, was a circumstance that puzzled her exceedingly. She walked close

up

up to it, and laid her hand upon the statue: it was in truth cold marble. She folded her hands, and stood buried in thought. Again she laid her hand upon that of the statue, which was extended, and with the other she raised her lamp, the more accurately to examine it. As thus she stood in earnest contemplation of it, a long and heavy groan appalled her.

"Oh Mercy!" exclaimed our horror-struck heroine, "whence can that dismal sound proceed?"

Trembling violently, she could hardly hold the lamp: she set it down upon the flags, and leaned almost unconsciously against the statue for support. The groan was awfully repeated. Adeliza wildly gazed around her. A profound silence reigned throughout. She extended her hands, and raised her supplicating eyes towards

towards heaven. A third time the groan was repeated. Again she leaned upon the statue for support, when, to her unspeakable horror, she perceived that it trembled, while the sable plume in the helmet bent towards her. Her whole frame felt convulsed; her limbs shook under her; she staggered a few paces from the statue, and stood with distended eyes fixed eagerly on this alarming phenomena; but all now was profoundly still. A light suddenly gleamed athwart the pavement where she stood, and Adeliza instantly perceived it proeeeded from the apartment in which were the portraits of the unfortunate Velasco. She snatched her lamp from the pavement, and flew, rather than walked along the passages leading to her chamber, not without dread that some distressing figure would start out of one of the recesses,

so numerous in this part of the building. Gaining the door, she tried to open it; but finding the lock would not yield with one hand, she set down the lamp, and applied both. As she was turning the handle, she heard a heavy footstep. She burst into the room, and shut the door after her. Breathless and giddy, she leaned against it; but all was now quiet. Remaining some time in this state, and hearing nothing to alarm her, she would have opened the door, to bring in the lamp, which in her terror she had left on the outside. She tried for a long time in vain. Every thing was enveloped in darkness. She thought it, however, very strange that her door should have fastened so suddenly; for she did not recollect it had ever done so before, or had been so difficult to open.

In

In some measure restored to recollection, she endeavoured to reason herself out of her alarm; but this was no easy task, for the groans she had heard, were too distinct, too dreadfully distressing to be soon forgotten, or recollected with indifference. But to remain all night by the door of her chamber, would be foolish; and as now she was sufficiently acquainted with every part of it, she would feel her way to her bed. With both arms extended, she cautiously walked onward; but striking her foot with violence against something very hard, she paused, and endeavoured to call to her remembrance what it could be that thus retarded her progress.

Extremely bewildered, she continued to advance in the direction she believed her bed stood, when suddenly her foot was caught in something, and she was thrown down

down with considerable violence. For a moment she lay almost stunned, when, spreading out her hand to feel what had occasioned her fall, imagination cannot conceive her situation, when she drew her hand across a death-cold face. This was more than even Adeliza could bear with fortitude, and, entirely overpowered, she fainted.

CHAP. XI.

What man so wise, what earthly witt so ware
As to descry the crafty cunning traine
By which Deceit doth make in visour faine,
And cast her colours, died deepe in graine,
To seem like Truth, whose shape she well can faine?

FAERY QUEEN.

AFTER the remains of the Earl of Sidmouth were consigned to their last earthly abode, Lord Richmond, finding that the fortune he was to succeed to, though a very handsome one, could not be of immediate

use to him, thought it would be most prudent to leave town for a couple of months, and go to reside at a little villa he had about ten miles from London: This arrangement met with no opposition from Lady Richmond, common decency demanding a little abstraction from the gaieties of the town, should follow the death of a father. At Mount Pleasant, however, they might amuse themselves as they thought proper. Mrs. Grimalkin of course was the first who received an invitation to accompany them. A few other *dear friends* were to follow in a day or two. Captain Surrey had refused to make one of the party: the light and unfeeling behaviour of his sister-in-law disgusted him excessively, and he determined to have as little connection with her as possible. Lady Jane was the only one of that family

who consented to go. Lady Anna had been invited; but the Duchess of Ormond prudently refused her consent. But this was no disappointment to the amiable Anna; all her dear grandmother did, was right; nor could any decision of her's, though contrary to her own inclination, ever give her a moment's vexation or disappointment.

Miss Fortescue saw all that passed with great uneasiness. She wished very much to ask Lady Catherine Surrey to accompany them; but she knew it would not be agreeable to her: nor indeed did she think it quite prudent to domesticate a young and inexperienced female in such a society as that at Mount Pleasant. Impressed with these ideas, she generously determined to deprive herself of a real pleasure, for the good of her friend.

On

On the morning of the day they were to leave town, Mrs. Grimalkin came in almost breathless.

"My dearest friend," exclaimed she, running up to Lady Richmond, and kissing her cheek, "I am the bearer of such delightful intelligence!—Oh, I am so enchanted, you cannot believe!"

"With what?" asked Lady Richmond pettishly.

"Ah, my dear Lady Richmond, such an angel I have seen!"

"Where, or in form of what?" asked her Ladyship.

"A beautiful Spaniard!—you know I *dote upon foreigners!*"

"You dote upon many things," answered Lady Richmond snappishly; "but what is all this to me? I thought you

said you were the bearer of delightful news, Mrs. Grimalkin?"

The lady saw she had gone rather too far in her encomiums on the beauty of her new acquaintance, and which it was evident Lady Richmond by no means relished; she therefore, like an able General, instantly changed her ground.

"When," continued this female Machiavel, "my charming friend, I talked in raptures of my new acquaintance, I did it from a double motive; first, because I thought she would be an acquisition to your little select party in the country; and, secondly, because she certainly is the most beautiful of Heaven's creatures—that is, of course when you, my adorable friend, are not present."

This speech, fulsome as it was, had the desired

desired effect, and she was her Ladyship's *dearest* Mrs. Grimalkin. Good humour restored, it was next to be told who the lovely foreigner was. Mrs. Grimalkin said she had met her, with her aunt, at a party the preceding evening. They were, she said, of high rank, and very wealthy; had come over to England by way of a frolic; had but few acquaintance, but those were in the first circles. The elder lady was the Duchess Infantado—the beauty, Donna Vittoria Altimira.

"Heavens, what names!" affectedly said Lady Richmond: "the bare idea of being obliged to recollect them, is enough to give one a fit of the vapours!"

Mrs. Grimalkin saw evidently she had a great deal of ground to go over, before her Ladyship would forget the praises she had so inconsiderately lavished on Donna

Vittoria; and as, for reasons known only to herself, she wished to keep and strengthen the ascendency already gained over her, she exerted her talents of insinuating flattery with such success, as in a very short time entirely to re-establish herself in the good graces of the weak Lady Richmond.

In conformity to her wishes, her Ladyship accompanied her, to call upon the foreigners. They were at home. Lady Richmond was charmed with both, and warmly pressed them to pay her a visit at Mount Pleasant. The invitation was accepted, and the ladies promised to be with her in a few days. This business adjusted, Lord and Lady Richmond, Miss Fortescue, and Mrs. Grimalkin set out together for the country.

The Marquis Almanza, on his arrival in England, went instantly to the house of the

Duchess

Duchess of Ormond. She, with Lady Anna, were quietly seated at the work-table, when the Marquis was announced. The Duchess laid her work on her lap, and cast her eyes towards heaven; a film overspread her sight, while Anna flew to her support, as she was falling from her seat. The Marquis, pale and haggard, threw himself into a chair, and burst into tears.

"Oh mercy!" exclaimed Anna, "what fatal intelligence do you bring?—What of my dear aunt?"

"Oh!" said the Duchess in a faint and agitated voice, "tell me instantly I entreat you, Ferdinand, where is my child? I am sure," said she in a solemn tone, while she gazed on the agonized Marquis, "that my Matilda is dead! Is it not so?"

"I believe not, Madam."

"What then, Marquis, is the cruel meaning of all this? Where is my beloved

Matilda, that I may go and see her? Certainly she cannot be far off, or you would not be here!"

"The story," said the Marquis, heaving a deep sigh, "I have to relate, is no less afflicting than mysterious. Perhaps you may, though I hardly dare flatter myself, be able to throw some light upon it. I know not, my dear Madam, any one who can so well counsel me how to act, what steps to take in this heart-rending business."

He then distinctly related to the Duchess every circumstance that he could charge his memory with, relative to the Marchioness, as well as what he thought of Adeliza's conduct. It would be difficult to decide whether grief or astonishment predominated in the breast of the almost distracted parent during this harrowing recital; nor could her imagination assist her

her to attempt in any manner to account for the imprudent step the Marchioness was here represented to have taken.

After much consultation, distressing in the extreme, it was thought to be the most advisable plan to endeavour to find out the Duchess Infantado, and enquire if happily she might be able to throw any light upon the darkness that surrounded them. Two days elapsed before the Marquis could discover where she lodged; and he was then informed that she and Donna Vittoria had just set out for the country residence of Lord Richmond, to spend a fortnight there. Nothing could be more unwelcome than this intelligence; and he returned to the Duchess in a state of mind bordering on distraction.

It was next settled that Lady Anna should write a letter to Miss Fortescue, for

the Marquis to carry, and that it should explain the motive of the visit, as well as apologize for it. Four fleet horses soon carried the Marquis to Mount Pleasant, where he arrived about eight o'clock in the evening. He alighted from his carriage; and, enquiring for Miss Fortescue, was shewn into the library. He did not wait many minutes ere she appeared. Not knowing the Marquis personally, she received the letter he presented to her, with visible surprise. As she cast her eyes upon the address—

"From my sweet Anna," said she. "I trust, Sir, all is well?"

The Marquis shook his head, and hastily turned to conceal his emotion. With alarm, the amiable girl cast her eyes over the letter, while the colour faded from her cheek.

"Marquis,"

"Marquis," said she, while a tear trembled in each bright eye, "how truly grieved am I to be thus introduced to one I have so long wished to be acquainted with! Shall I inform Donna Vittoria you wish to see her?"

"Is she disengaged?" asked the Marquis; "for my conversation with her will not be a short one."

"She was, my Lord, just sat down to cards when I was called to you; but surely she cannot hesitate an instant when she knows *who* wishes to see her. Excuse me a minute, my Lord; I will go to her."

Miss Fortescue, ever ready to oblige, went up stairs instantly. She approached the table where sat Donna Vittoria, Lord Richmond, who appeared wonderfully struck with her, Mrs. Grmalkin, and another gentleman, Vittoria was laughing loud,

loud, apparently much delighted with some compliment his Lordship had been paying her.

"There is," said Miss Fortescue, addressing her, "a friend of your's below, who wishes to see you."

"To see me, Miss Fortescue! pray do you know *who* the gentleman is?"

"The Marquis Almanza, Madam; and his business with you is of importance."

"Indeed!" said Donna Vittoria, while a satisfied smile of malicious joy shot across her handsome face. "If the Marquis wishes to see me, Miss Fortescue, with Lord Richmond's permission I will see him here."

"Any friend of your's, Madam," replied his Lordship, bowing gallantly, "must be welcome."

"I believe," said Miss Fortescue, rather embarrassed, "the Marquis's business is

of

of a private nature. Pray come with me down stairs."

"That, Miss Fortescue, I certainly shall not. If the Marquis wishes to see me, I am among friends."

Lord Richmond, to whom this compliment was addressed, bowing, declared how highly honoured and flattered he felt himself by her well-bred affability.

With a heavy heart, Miss Fortescue returned to the Marquis, disappointment legibly marked on her countenance.

"I perceive," said he, "my amiable friend, that your embassy has been successless."

"Donna Vittoria, my Lord, wishes to see you in the drawing-room."

"I cannot, indeed I cannot," said the Marquis, pressing his hand to his forehead; "I am not fit company for a drawing-room.

room. Cruel, unfeeling Vittoria! I did not expect this treatment from you! But —I beg your pardon, Miss Fortescue—you, truly good as you are, will pardon my incoherency, and pity my wretchedness."

Miss Fortescue said all she could to calm and comfort the unhappy Marquis; and at last he consented to accompany her up stairs. With a heart weighed down by despondency, he followed his sympathizing conductress. As he entered the room, his face, which before was an ashy paleness, became flushed like scarlet. Having made his bow to Lady Richmond, he went up to the table where sat Vittoria. She appeared intent upon her game, and affected not to see him. The Marquis addressed her; she raised her eyes, as if surprised.

"Ah, Marquis," said she with an air of cold indifference, "is it you? How does the enchanting Marchioness?"

This,

This, said with a sarcastic smile, was too much; nor could the Marquis sufficiently rally his thoughts, to answer with any degree of composure; but from him no reply was requisite, for she immediately began chatting and laughing with her partner. Suddenly turning to the Marquis—

"Who," said she, "informed you I was here, or even in England? Oh! now I recollect; Count Julian—was it not?"

There was a something in this name that made the blood retreat from the face to the sickened heart of the Marquis; while he eagerly enquired—

"Where is the Count Julian?"

"I am not his keeper," haughtily replied Vittoria.

The Marquis indignantly turned from her. His heart swelled within him; he saw no intelligence was to be gained in this quarter,

quarter, and observing the Duchess Infantado, he went up to her. She, unlike her capricious niece, treated him with her accustomed ease, told him they had left Spain with Count Julian; that he had parted from them on the frontiers, and, instead of crossing with them to England, had gone on to Paris. This information was in one respect highly satisfactory, as it convinced the Marquis beyond a doubt that he was not the companion of the Marchioness in her flight.

Miss Fortescue, who had anxiously watched the varying countenance of the Marquis, went up and entered into conversation with him. Naturally frank and warm-hearted, he was pleased when he met with the like disposition in others. The Marchioness, whom Miss Fortescue had known from childhood, being the interesting

subject

subject, he felt grateful for this marked and truly friendly attention. The sensible, no less than cheering remarks, the amiable Harriet made, carried a balm to the wounded heart of the Marquis; and before he had been an hour in her company, he felt more composed and soothed than he had done for a long time, particularly having gained the pleasing knowledge that the Count Julian was not a party concerned.

Vittoria, as the Marquis and Miss Fortescue conversed together, often cast an inquisitive eye towards them, wondering what subject could so highly interest them. Lady Richmond warmly pressed the Marquis to remain some time with them; but this he declined, saying, business of the utmost importance demanded his presence in town the following day.

"Then,"

"Then," said her Ladyship, "since we are to have so little of your company, my Lord, I must request you to play at my table to-night: Casino is my game."

This the Marquis would, if possible, have evaded, but he could not without ill manners; he therefore, though with great reluctance, seated himself. Mrs. Grimalkin and Lord Allen made up the party. Lady Richmond paid the most polite attention to the Marquis, till Lord Allen, in an audible whisper, said to her—

"Upon my soul, Caroline, I am devilishly disposed to be jealous."

Lady Richmond coloured; while the Marquis, who heard the declaration with infinite surprise, viewed the fop who made it, with disdain.

"Were I Lord Richmond," thought he, "I should not be pleased with such impertinent familiarity."

The

The Marquis, whose heart was far removed from the present scene, played with great want of skill; and by the time they concluded, found himself *minus* thirty guineas. This loss he bore with the utmost *sang froid;* for money was no object to him. This re-established him completely in the good graces of his old acquaintance, Mrs. Grimalkin, who seemed disposed to be extremely talkative; but as she was the sort of woman diametrically opposite to what he thought amiable, he begged leave to wave all discourse with her, and again joined Miss Fortescue. It was late before the party separated. The Marquis took his leave, as he should set out in the morning before any of the family would be stirring. Donna Vittoria scarcely deigned to notice him. This not a little astonished him, and rather mortified him, fancying, but it was

no

no more, that she was seriously attached to him; but now his whole soul was interested in the hope of once more beholding the Marchioness.

CHAP. XII.

Shield me, Heaven! What hollow sound,
Like Fate's dread knell, runs echoing round?
The bell strikes one, that solemn hour,
When rising fiends exert their pow'r!
And now, sure now, some cause unblest
Breathes more than horror thro' my breast!
How deep the breeze! how dim the light!

BLACKLOCK.

FOR some time Adeliza lay in a state of total insensibility. At length she opened her

r languid eyes, but all was darkness; e raised her head from the ground, and ıdeavoured to charge her memory with hat had happened. All seemed like a oubled dream. The clock striking one, ade her start.

"Oh Heaven!" said she mentally, "how ·ng shall I still remain in this dismal lace? How many hours must elapse ere orning dawns?"

The rain battered against the casements; hile the wind howled dismally through e building. In this painful situation leliza remained for above two hours: e durst not move, lest she should en- unter something horrible. As thus she t, her eyes fixed upwards toward the ndow, through which she now and then scried a solitary star twinkling in the mament, and convinced that she could not

not be in her own chamber, yet wondering how she could possibly have mistaken it, a light suddenly shone upon the wall:—she hastily turned her eyes to examine whence it proceeded, and she perceived it came from a considerable distance, through a dark and black-looking arched passage. It seemed stationary. Adeliza gazed on it in fearful expectation; and as she kept her eyes fixed on the place, the light moved. Presently the tall figure of a man approached. He paused, and looking towards her, discovered, to her unspeakable horror, a face besmeared with blood. The hand was raised, as if to wipe it away; but the handkerchief with which this was done, as well as the hand, were of the same crimson die. A groan burst from this shocking spectacle, and it vanished from her sickened sight.

After

After the departure of this frightful gure, and all was dark again, appalled, ıe still waited in dreadful expectation of itnessing new horrors. At length the rey dawn of morning gleamed, which leasing sight was hailed by the wearied nd terrified Adeliza with joy and grati- ıde:. Never had she spent so dreadful a ight: the recollection of what had passed, most whirled her brain into a state of istraction. As the light became gradually ronger, she cast a timid glance around er; nor did her first transient survey npart any thing like relief to her harassed ſirits. At length it was sufficiently light ır her to distinguish the objects around :r. She beheld the room filled with atues, many of them much disfigured, and at the object of her great alarm was one these which lay on the ground, and over

which, excepting the face, was accidentally thrown an old curtain, which had caught her foot, and thrown her down.

Adeliza could not forbear smiling at her late terror, when she saw how trifling was the cause. But then the groans!—they were no mockery—the figure she had seen besmeared with blood, nothing *ideal, but* a dreadful reality, at the bare recollection of which she shuddered. Upon examination she also discovered, that when she shut the room-door with such violence, a bolt had fallen, which being new to her, no wonder she could not open it. This she now unfastened. Her lamp she found where she left it; and from none of the oil being exhausted, she rightly concluded that it had been extinguished by the force of the air when she shut the door. Thankfully she entered her own chamber, where she threw

threw herself upon the bed. She thought not of trying to tempt sleep, but merely to rest her cramped and wearied limbs.

Towards the middle of the day, Adeliza wandered from her apartment, intending to go and ask Margaretta how she found herself. On reaching her room, she was surprised to find it empty. She waited some little time, in expectation of the old woman's return; but as she came not, Adeliza thought she might as well go towards that part of the house Margaretta in the daytime inhabited. She was met by Beatrice, who told her she must instantly return to her chamber; for that orders had been received from the Duke Garcias Moresco, that upon no account whatever she should be suffered to stir from her own apartment till further orders, or he should visit her himself.

"Where is Margaretta?" asked Adeliza.

"As to that, Signora," surlily replied Beatrice, "it does not signify; for you are not to see her."

With despondency she listened to these cruel orders, and with reluctant steps retired to her own room, where she was locked in. The reflections which passed through her mind, and agitated her heart, were almost beyond endurance. What was next to befal her? It was a tormenting prospect; but she could not banish it.

"How comes," thought she, "the Duke Garcias Moresco, if this chateau be the property of Donna Vittoria Altimira, to have the power of appropriating it to his own use?"

Three days passed in this truly comfortless manner; nor, as the woman had said, did she once see Margaretta. Her provisions

were brought in a larger quantity; and instead of each night, she was told by Beatrice she should not return till the evening of the fourth day. The next, and the day following, were spent in melancholy retrospect by our heroine. What a series of calamities and unpleasant events had in rapid succession followed each other! The death of both her parents, the absence of her brother, the unkindness of the Raby family, the ill fortune attendant on the Henleys, the old gentleman—like a flash of lightning it struck her! What could become of the sealed packet he committed to her charge, with so many strict injunctions to be careful of it? This momentous paper, with her clothes, must be where she left them, at the Castle of Santa Fe. She recalled to mind the generosity of his conduct towards

her, with wonder and thankfulness. Mrs. Grimalkin's cruel behaviour could not be forgotten. How widely different were the sentiments excited by the treatment she received from the Duchess of Ormond, and the amiable, though unfortunate Marchioness! Nor could Percy be forgotten; his image was too deeply imprinted, for any change of place or circumstances to efface, or for a moment obscure it, though the remembrance of him often inflicted the severest pangs upon her heart. Such reflections as these were by no means calculated to calm her agitated spirits. She wandered up and down her chamber, till her wearied limbs refused their proper office.

In hopes of driving away uneasy obtruding thought, she opened the curious panel, which for some days past had remained

remained unnoticed. It was about the middle of the day, and the sun shining into the room, gave it a more cheerful aspect than her own dark and dreary chamber. For some little time she stood looking out of the window; but as the sentinels were walking to and fro upon the terrace, she left her station, fearful of being observed. She next went to the door leading out of this apartment, and, to her surprise, found it was not locked. On opening it, she saw it led into the room in which she had so unwillingly spent a night of horror. Adeliza hesitated whether she should avail herself of the opportunity so unexpectedly thrown in her way, of examining this part of the building, or return to her chamber. The appearance she had so distinctly witnessed, recurred to her mind, and she wavered a while about venturing farther,

at least for the present. After some little consideration, she determined to banish all apprehensive weakness, and fearlessly advance. As she proceeded, she took an accurate survey of the figures with which this place was nearly filled. They formed a sort of phalanx on either side the room, which was long and narrow, leaving only a passage between them, broad enough for one person to pass at a time, and terminating in an archway, through which she had seen the terrific spectacle. She was obliged to step over the fallen figure, the cause of her fainting, and smiled again to think how harmless a circumstance had so cruelly alarmed her. Passing through the dark archway, she still kept onwards, and then entered a low square room. The walls were of stone; and two huge iron rings fastened in, together with some rusty chains,

chains, which spread a part of the floor, gave it a most dungeon-like appearance. As she proceeded, her eyes were met by a very horrid appearance: almost directly in her way, lay a human skeleton. Still more shocking even than this, as it conveyed an idea of recent mischief, were the traces of blood, visible in many places on the pavement.

All the resolution Adeliza had mustered up, nearly failed her at this sight; and she felt almost unequal to the task she had imposed upon herself: still, as she had ventured so far, to retreat she thought would be cowardly, and in defiance of fear, she went on. She next struck into a very long passage, the walls of which were running down with water. From this a flight of narrow steep stairs led her into another winding passage, along which

were many doors. Some of these she attempted to open; but found all locked. For some time she went on, when suddenly she felt the fresh air blow upon her. Raising her eyes, she saw the blue expanse of the heavens. The place where she now stood, was a little square paved room. She seated herself upon a fragment which had fallen from the roof, which looked as if it had originally been in the form of a cone, the aperture at the top being to all appearance more the effect of time and decay, than design. The air felt reviving, and Adeliza held up her fair face, to catch the exhilarating breeze.

"What a poor insulated being am I!" thought she; "how dreary, how comfortless my situation!"

She drew the miniature of Percy from her pocket, the string being too much worn

worn to hang it round her neck as she usually had, and with a sort of melancholy pleasure contemplated it. She continued to gaze upon it; but the circumstances so strongly connected with it, brought tears to her eyes. They fell fast upon the picture, and obscured it from her sight. Vexed at her own weakness, she hastily returned it to her pocket.

"Oh Heaven, endow me with fortitude!" sighed she, as she raised her imploring eyes.

She started with terror from her seat, on beholding a grim-looking face gazing down upon her through the aperture at the top. With hurried and disordered steps, she retraced the way to her chamber. Replacing the panel, and throwing herself into a chair, she resolved never again to subject herself to such distressing, such

unnecessary alarms, but remain, dull and dreary as it was, close in her own apartment. Since the last orders of the Duke were put in execution respecting her not seeing Margaretta, Beatrice had discontinued to light her lamp; therefore as soon as it grew dark, she retired to her gloomy bed. The late unpleasant events harassed and disturbed her, whether waking or sleeping.

She arose the morning after, low and feverish: her lips felt parched, and her thirst was intolerable. She finished her allowance of milk, without any abatement of this severe addition to her suffering. Restless and ill, she knew not what to do with herself. To beguile the time, she thought she would again peruse Lady Anna's last letter. She put her hand into her pocket, and, alas! missed her beloved

miniature!

miniature! With dismay she made this discovery: in an instant she turned every thing out of her pocket; every part of the room she eagerly searched; but all in vain. She endeavoured to recollect when last she had it, and at length remembered that on the preceding day, she was in the act of returning it to her pocket, when she was alarmed by the impendent face which surveyed her so steadily, and concluded that in her terror, she had left it behind. All idea of fear was banished in the regret she experienced for the cruel loss she had sustained; nor did she hesitate one moment: but, unfastening the panel, once more she crept through it, and without any difficulty reached the place where she hoped to find her lost treasure, and, to her inexpressible joy, discovered it laying in the very place where she had been sitting; but her astonishment was at least equal, if

possible surpassing her joy, on observing a strip of paper wrapped round it, with these words written with a pencil—" *This is a treasure: would I could meet the friend of Percy Surrey, to whom it belongs!*"

" Surely," exclaimed Adeliza, " this is all enchantment! Do my senses deceive me? or how can this be? Who in this solitary dismal abode can know my love? Oh Heaven! that I could see the person whose hand traced these words!—But my head, alas! burns sadly," continued she, putting her hand to her forehead: " I must hasten to regain my room, ere my senses forsake me."

With trembling steps, Adeliza at length reached her chamber with her recovered treasure. She felt herself extremely ill; and throwing herself upon her bed, wished that friendly death would terminate her woes and her existence together.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

"Pale and of piteous look——
As one by wasting sickness sore assail'd,
Or plung'd in grief profound.—"Oh all ye powers!"
She startling cried, and shot her soul
In rapid glance before her on his face.
"Illusion!—no, it cannot be!—My blood
Runs chill, my feet are rooted here, and see,
To mock my hopes, it wears his gracious form!"

MALLET.

WHEN evening came, Beatrice, who brought Adeliza's provisions, was alarmed to observe her flushed cheek and parched lips. She addressed her with more kind-

ness than our poor heroine supposed her capable of feeling, entreating to know if there was any thing she could procure, that she could fancy.

Adeliza begged she might have something to drink. Beatrice left her, and soon returned, bringing with her something that Margaretta had prepared, and which the old woman said she was sure would comfort her. It was a pleasant and cooling beverage, and she thankfully drank it. Her lamp was lit, as a great indulgence; and Beatrice left her, promising to return in the morning to enquire after her. Feeling herself considerably relieved by her draught, she went to bed, where she soon fell into a quiet sleep. She awoke in the morning, much recruited, the fever having almost left her. Beatrice was astonished to see her so much better. Finding thi

the case, she told Adeliza she should not again visit her till, as usual, the evening of the fourth day. Ruminating on the late extraordinary events that had befallen her, she could only bewilder herself; but on one thing she felt firmly resolved, which was to visit the place where she had so strangely recovered her miniature.

Full of this intention, she passed through the panel; but, to her extreme disappointment, found the door leading from this chamber locked. This was an unaccountable, as well as distressing circumstance. With a desponding heart, she returned to her own chamber, not daring at that time of day to amuse herself by looking out of the casement, lest the sentinels should observe her, and it might be turned to her disadvantage. The moon being now almost at the full, she thought she might vary the

full scene in this manner, for an hour or two in the evening.

About ten o'clock she once more left her chamber. Getting upon the table, she opened the casement, and seated herself upon the broad frame of the window. The night was delightfully serene; all was still, not even the slow footfall of a solitary sentinel to interrupt the deep repose. The mysterious figure whom she had seen upon the terrace, recurred to her thoughts. She could not help feeling the strongest curiosity as well as anxiety to know what it could possibly be, or how it could be accounted for. She was almost convinced, from the many strange circumstances connected with it, that this appearance must be supernatural: not that she believed in spirits; on the contrary, she had been taught to discredit every thing of the sort.

A con-

A conversation she had once held with her departed father on this subject, was too deeply impressed on her mind, ever to be erased. He had said—"Can you, my child, for a moment suppose that an all-wise and gracious Providence could suffer his creatures, after death, to become again wanderers in this dreary world? Do but think, were those, who, for the purity and rectitude of their lives when on earth, are rewarded with bliss in heaven—I say, were these even suffered to know what is passing in this world, would not their happy state even in heaven be found wanting? Were evil spirits, who are bound in chains below, suffered to range at will on earth, would their punishment be adequate to their offences? Surely not; for they would gratify the malignity of their nature by tormenting, with wanton cruelty, whoever they

they thought fit to disturb and harass. Thus I think it most reasonable to conclude, that the wisdom of a great and good God has so ordered it, that in these days no such thing, upon any occasion whatever, as a ghost or spirit, ever actually appears."

"Yes," continued Adeliza, "my revered father was assuredly most right; he reasoned like a good and a wise man; and I firmly believe all he said. But——"

Her spirits were weakened by distressful solitude, and her mind kept upon the stretch by the many mysterious events she had in so short a time witnessed.

As these reflections passed in her mind, the pale queen of night rose gradually higher and higher in the spangled heavens. She gazed upon the tranquil scene: the silvery moonbeams shone bright, though partially upon the terrace. One of the embattled

embattled towers was distinctly seen, and strongly contrasted by the dark forests that formed the sombre background, over whose lofty summits the breeze swept lightly. Through an opening, formed between two tremendous mountains, which seemed to frown in gloomy grandeur, Adeliza again descried what on a former night she had believed to be the ocean; and her imagination transported her so far, as to lead her to suppose she could distinguish the white and glistening sails of a ship, but so small as to require the strongest sight to ascertain it. She, however, was convinced she could not be mistaken, as the moon, shining with radiance on this object, she saw the little sail move along, till the intervening mountains presently hid it from her aching sight.

This

This circumstance still carried on the same train of thought in which she had been indulging all the evening—the recollection of her lamented father—he who had ever treated her with the utmost affection, yet blended instruction so sweetly with it, as to arrest and ensure the everlasting gratitude of his children; but then to be deprived of this invaluable parent in so shocking a manner! Adeliza wept with bitterness at the melancholy remembrance; nor did she attempt to stop its course. After some time, she took her handkerchief from her pocket, and wiped away the tears that blinded her. The statue recurred to her thoughts, and she cast her eyes down upon the terrace; but all was still. While yet she looked, a long shadow shot athwart the walk. She gazed, and as it advanced seemingly from beneath her

her window, perceived it to be that of a man; and in the next moment she distinctly saw the person. The back was towards her. He paused, looked each way along the terrace, till, turning and directing his eyes up towards where she stood, gracious Heaven! what where the agonized feelings of her mind, the varied emotions of her heart, when in the pale, emaciated, and woe-worn face now gazing mournfully towards her, she believed that she saw her *father!* She shrieked—

"Oh merciful God!—*My father!*"

The figure recoiled a few paces backward, extended its arms, and looked earnestly upwards; and in the instant Adeliza wildly precipitated herself out of the window. When she recovered her senses, which might be said to have forsaken her before she came down on the

terrace, she gazed around her with an eye of vague enquiry. She was laying upon a bed, with one arm bandaged, and felt her head extremely painful. By her side stood old Margaretta.

"Where am I?" enquired the bewildered Adeliza. "What has happened?"

"You must not talk, Signora," replied Margaretta softly; "you had better compose yourself."

"How strange is all this!" said the interesting invalid, endeavouring to collect her scattered thoughts. "I believe I am ill: my head aches sadly. Where is the Marchioness, Margaretta? Tell her I wish to see her: say her Adeliza is not well, and I am sure she will come to me: yes, she will not escape from me as my poor father did. I thought he loved me: he held out his arms. I would have flown to him

him for protection. Alas! alas! it did not use to be so! Well, well, well, 'tis all bitterness in this world; but my mother, my dear amiable mother, she will receive me in heaven, and then my father will be happy indeed."

Margaretta, who evidently saw she rambled, would have gone for assistance; but Adeliza, perceiving her rise as if to go away, caught hold of her gown, and earnestly entreated her not to leave her, lest the Duke should come and kill her. Margaretta again seated herself, and soon after saw her sink into a heavy sleep.

For a week our amiable heroine suffered dreadfully. Her rashness in throwing herself from the window, was attended with excruciating pain; for she had dislocated her shoulder, and cut her head severely, and during the first week, her senses were

totally deranged. At the end of that time the fever abated, her senses were restored, and the worthy Monk who attended her as surgeon, declared her out of danger, unless, which he hoped would not be the case, she should relapse—then he could not answer for the consequences: all depended upon her being kept quiet and composed.

This declaration was made to the Duke Garcias Moresco, who had the day previous to the accident, arrived at the chateau.

"I suppose then," said he to the Father La Merci, "I must not go near her?"

"Certainly not, my Lord Duke," hastily replied the benevolent Father.

The Duke coloured, bit his lip, and turned to conceal the anger kindled in his breast at the decisive manner in which he had been answered, and which had ever been a stranger to his ear.

"How

"How long," enquired the Duke impatiently, "may it be before it will, in your idea, Sir, be prudent for me to see her?"

"That, my Lord, depends upon circumstances; it is impossible for me to say: the wound in her head is a very bad one; but, if I mistake not, a yet severer malady is still deeper seated."

He fixed his scrutinizing eyes on the Duke, who answered him not, but by a contemptuous survey from head to foot, and immediately left the room. Father La Merci, who was extremely struck with the beauty and elegance of Adeliza, and felt highly interested about her, wished, not from motives of curiosity, but the purest benevolence, to discover, if possible, the cause of her being alone, and immured in a dismal and dreary a place; but not

knowing to whom he could apply for information on this head, he was obliged to leave to time the unfolding of the secret he wished to trace. He had attended, with the most unremitting care, to every symptom as it arose, and scarcely left Adeliza night or day till he thought her out of danger; Margaretta, from her age, and Beatrice, from her roughness, not being to be trusted.

After his conversation with the Duke, he returned to her chamber. The venerable old man stood by the bedside, anxiously watching the still disturbed slumbers of his interesting patient. She opened her eyes, and looked wistfully at him.

"How do you find yourself?" said he, "my child?"

This, uttered in a voice the most soft and soothing, together with the tender

appellation of *my child,* struck that chord which vibrated to her very soul. Adeliza looked stedfastly at him, and burst into tears. He attempted not to check their course, hoping they might relieve her overcharged heart. In some measure recovering herself, she said, in a faint though earnest tone of voice—

"Tell me, Sir, for you look as if you could pity the distressed, and pour balm into the broken heart, what is the meaning of all I see? What has happened, and where am I? My head is so confused, my senses so bewildered, that I can at present account for nothing."

"Ask not any questions at present," answered the Father; "you are yet too weak to puzzle yourself: you shall, my child, be informed of every thing in due time. Do but endeavour to get well, and that will be a consolation to us both."

" I will be all you desire, Sir," replied she gratefully: " you are very kind and considerate; 'tis long indeed since I beheld the face of a friend!"

The venerable man felt inexpressibly affected by the artless manners of his beautiful patient, and left the chamber, impressed with the most favourable sentiments towards her. In proportion as her merit rose to his view, the contrasted character of the Duke took a deeper shade; nor could he imagine what reason he could give for such barbarous treatment.

It may here be proper to mention, that when the Father La Merci was first sent for, he was in his cell at his devotions. Being informed that his immediate assistance was necessary, a young lady having fallen from a window, and whom they believed dying, though it was midnight, he hesitated not a moment where humanity summoned him;

to

to deliberate was in his mind a crime. He instantly mounted the mule which was sent for him, and leaving the Convent, with speed made the best of his way to the chateau. He was shewn into a room, where, on a bed, lay extended the deathlike form of Adeliza. Margaretta hung over her, crying and wringing her hands; while the Duke, with a face colourless, and almost livid, his clothes stained with blood, paced with disordered steps up and down the chamber.

"Is the wretched girl dead?" enquired he of the Father, as with looks of horror he regarded her.

"I hope not," he replied.

The Duke assisted in setting her shoulder, which had been dislocated, and put carefully up the beautiful lock of hair which was cut from her head, that the extent of

the wound might be exactly ascertained. All that was necessary being done, he left the room.

It was long before any symptoms of returning animation appeared; and when at length she did open her languid eyes, it was evident, as was before remarked, that her senses were deranged. The care, however, as well as the skill with which she had by the Father La Merci since been treated, had the desired effect of restoring our heroine in a considerable degree to a state of convalescence.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Long since the value of this world I know,
Pity the madness, and despise the show;
Well as I can, my tedious part I bear,
And wait for my dismission without fear:
Seldom I mark mankind's detested ways,
Not hearing censure, or affecting praise;
And, unconcerned, my future state I trust,
To that sole Being, merciful and just.

MONTAGUE.

. HE more the Duchess of Ormond re-
cted upon the unaccountable loss of her
iiable daughter, so much the more deep
id settled were her grief and almost

despair. She could not help imagining that Adeliza knew of the Marchioness's flight; yet so firmly grounded was the good opinion she had formed of her, that, so far from considering it a distressing circumstance, she regarded it rather as a fortunate one; and each time the sitting-room door was opened, her eyes were eagerly directed towards it, in sweetly returning hope of beholding the messenger of good tidings. Repeated disappointments were the unavoidable consequences; and the Duchess, although she endeavoured to bear up against the calamity, evidently drooped every day. This the alarmed Lady Anna with grief beheld, and endeavoured, by every solicitous art, to minister to the peace of her justly beloved grandmother.

The Marquis Almanza, baffled and wretched, finding no intelligence was to be

be obtained of his lost treasure in England, took leave of his afflicted mother-in-law, and directed his route once more towards Spain. He durst hardly trust himself to meditate on this mysterious event; for, when he justly weighed all circumstances, he found he had more cause to fear she had fallen a victim to the heavy and unsparing hand of Death, than to hope he should ever hear any news of her again. The conduct of Donna Vittoria, so different to any thing he had before witnessed, mortified and piqued him; and in proportion as her actions appeared despicable, the Marchioness, with all her innocence and beauty, rose with additional force to his lacerated and bleeding heart.

The party at Mount Pleasant enjoyed all the amusements of town, only on a smaller scale. No expence was spared to render

the entertainments as varied as splendid. Every countenance looked outwardly gay and delighted, though more than one concealed an uneasy tenant in their bosom. The person who answered least to this description, and visibly was unhappy, though causelessly so, but from compassion, was the amiable Miss Fortescue. She, though by nature lively, well knew how to keep within the nicest bounds of propriety, virtue, and honour. Her principles were firm and pure; she could not, therefore, witness the glaring impropriety of most of those gay mortals who surrounded her, without the utmost uneasiness. To Lady Richmond she talked with that severity her conduct demanded, and which she conceived, as a *real friend,* she ought to do; but her Ladyship, so far from tracing back what the amiable girl said, to its proper source,

source, haughtily and insolently told her that her interference was equally useless and impertinent.

Miss Fortescue felt extremely hurt; but consoled herself with the rectitude of her intentions. As she went up stairs to dress, a slip of paper that lay at the door of Lady Richmond's dressing-room, caught her eye. It was rumpled together; she took it up unconsciously, and carelessly unfolded it. It was addressed to no one; but she instantly, in the contents that remained, it being torn, recognised Lady Richmond's hand-writing. She trembled as hastily she cast her eyes over these words—"If you can do as you promised about the sum of money, you can easily manage to give it me, either to-night or to-morrow."

This circumstance distressed Miss Fortescue extremely.

"From

"From whom," thought she, "in the name of Heaven, can she be going to borrow money? What can she possibly want with it?"

Full of uneasy thought, she walked up and down her apartment. Having committed the blabbing paper to the flames, she resolved, however, to watch every thing that passed at Lady Richmond's table that night, in hopes of preventing threatened mischief.

"Would you please, Ma'am, to have your new sprigged muslin dress?"

This important question was thrice asked by Betty, before attended to by her thoughtful mistress.

"I care not," at length answered she.

"Why, la, Ma'am," replied rustic Betty with astonishment at her mistress's indifference, "this is the night we are

to

to have the masqued ball, and all the other ladies are to be so fine as never was the like. There is the foreigner lady, Donna Wittry, an' my Lord, busy a fancying and contriving, an' I hear him say she always looked divine; yes, Ma'am, an' more than that, I think it was blasfemous—he said she was more than angel."

"Indeed," said Miss Fortescue, smiling.

"Yes, Ma'am, 'tis true, as I'm a wurtus woman; and Lady Wittry's maid told me her lady would not fix on what she should put on to-night, till she required my Lord's taste, because he is a great favourite. But the old piece of nantickity, the Duchess, she is to be a hempress, all covered with diamonds."

"I do desire, Betty," said Miss Fortescue gravely, "you would not speak disrespectfully of any of Lady Richmond's friends."

"Why,

"Why, as to that, Ma'am," replied the Abigail, blushing, "I don't think my Lady has any cause to think much of her; for she and her beautiful Lady Wittry are no great friends to my Lady: if all's true, my Lord is the favourite. Why, as I came from the housekeeper's room just now, and through the gallery, there was my Lord walking so kind with his arm round Lady Wittry's waist, and they were, Ma'am, talking all for one as if they had been lovers; an' then, Ma'am, there is that old, ill-tempered cat, Mrs. Grimalkin—as sure as I live, Ma'am, she is the meanest, sourest body on earth: why, she does sell her old clothes, and is the wery lemon of mischief; and there is she an' the nantikity Duchess are such friends as never was, abusing my poor Lady they do, and calling her such proberous epitaphs as is horrid.

Well,

Vell, as Johnston, my Lady's woman, says, wish all may end well."

"I think," said Miss Fortescue, who had waited with impatience to get in a word during this elegant harangue, "that you, Betty, as well as Johnstone are more the *lemons* of mischief: you both take very unpardonable liberties with the inhabitants of this house; and I desire I may be entertained with no more of such idle conversation."

"I am sorry, Ma'am," said Betty, holding down her head, "if I have offended you; I am sure I meant no harm."

"I only wish," said Miss Fortescue, softened by the girl's humility, "you would not pry into the secrets, or condemn the conduct of those you serve."

"I will not again, I assure you, Ma'am," said Betty as she left the room.

Miss

Miss Fortescue went down to the drawing-room. She was grieved at the remarks she herself could not forbear making, and shocked at the liberties which the servants had taken. Entering, she almost started on seeing only Lady Richmond there and Lord Allen. He had in his hand a pocket-book, and Lady Richmond some bank-notes in her's, which she hastily, on seeing Harriet, endeavoured to conceal. As to his Lordship, he appeared perfectly cool, and with an air of the utmost *nonchalance*, holding out the pocket-book to Miss Fortescue, exclaimed—

"Shall I be *your* banker too?"

"I never borrow money from *gentlemen*," replied Harriet haughtily.

Lady Richmond tossed her head, and at that instant Mrs. Grimalkin entered.

"Pray,

"Pray, Lady Richmond," asked she, "what character do you appear in to-night?"

"That," replied her Ladyship, "is so profound a secret, that I shall not divulge it even to you, my dearest friend."

"I know you will to *me* though, Caroline," said Lord Allen, familiarly throwing his arm round her waist; "I am sure," said he, while he stared with his confident eyes full in her face, "you cannot refuse *me* any thing—can you, sweet Caroline?"

"Indeed but I can," replied her Ladyship, much embarrassed. "How abominably vain you men are!"

"Have I not, of all men, reason to be vain?"

He pressed her hand, and whispered something in her ear.

"Psha!

"Psha! my Lord," said she in a vexed tone, "how can you be so tormenting, so ridiculous?"

"For pity's sake, do not quarrel, good folks," said Mrs. Grimalkin, with a wide expanded smile.

"Oh Lord!" said Lady Richmond, "there's no danger of that; we were both in jest."

Miss Fortescue, with distressful emotion, walked towards the window.—"And is this," said she to herself, "my young and innocent friend? Oh fashion! how baneful is thy influence!—how rapid the progress from acting unguardedly, to error, to vice, to wretchedness! Alas! poor infatuated Caroline!"

As she stood leaning against the window, revolving in her mind the conduct of the different individuals that now composed the

ıe family, Lady Richmond approached, nd tapping her on the shoulder—" What, ıeditating, cousin? I fear indeed you :e not well."

Harriet started.—" Oh yes," replied she, ttempting to force a smile, " I am quite 'ell, I thank you, Lady Richmond."

" You did not use to be so very grave, larriet; I fear you are tired of being 'ith me."

" Oh no, dear Caroline," replied the maiable girl, much affected by the unxpected kindness of her friend, " far :om that, I assure you: to be with you, nd to see you comfortable and happy, ıust, in a great degree constitute my own elicity."

Lady Richmond took her amiable cousin's hand, which she pressed between both ers, while tears trembled in her eyes; she

then

then hastily loosed her hold, and immediately joined the party now assembled round the fire.

Miss Fortescue, whose heart was the seat of benevolence, trembled for the peace and honour of her friend:—she saw that she was standing on the brink of a precipice, the disgraceful fall from which, her steady hand might perhaps prevent; and she determined, the very first opportunity, to make an effort to save her. She had not long to wait to put this considerate resolution into execution. The masqued party was at first intended to be a very private one; but the plan was changed, and all the neighbourhood was invited.

About ten o'clock, the company began to assemble, and Miss Fortescue was prepared to watch the conduct of more than one of their domestic circle. In pursuance of

f this plan, she put on a domino; nor did ny of the family luckily enquire in what haracter she was to appear.

As Betty assisted at the toilet, she could ot resist the inclination she felt to com- unicate to her young Lady all she knew especting the different dresses to be worn at night.

"Why, Ma'am, I think, if I might speak, ou should not put on this dismal black nding-sheet, for all the world like one the nunnery ladies. Weeso tells me her dy Wittry will be the most beautifullest the rooms: she is to be a goddess, that ey call Wenus; and she is to have such a nfusion of diamonds. My Lord it was at advised her to be this lady; for he id it was the most properest thing she uld be. And then, Ma'am, Mrs. Gri- alkin is to be another goddess—I forget her

her name; but she is to have a helmet, and she is to carry an owl, her own picter, Ma'am, begging her pardon. I don't know what my Lady Richmond is to be—she would not tell even her own maid; but my Lord Allen's valet said as how his master was to be the devil, because that was dashing. Well, mayhap he may have a cloven foot, to my mind; for he is impertinent, though he is a Lord. But I beg pardon, Ma'am—I had forgot. As you are dressed, Ma'am, if you will give me leave, I will go and assist Weeso, or her two ladies won't be dressed to-night."

Permission granted, away trotted Betty. It was almost twelve o'clock before Venus and Minerva together made their *entrée*. In a moment they were surrounded by beaux. The warmest admiration was excited by Venus: her dress was sumptuous, and

d peculiarly becoming to her elegant
rm. A mask, in the character of Momus,
pt close by her, which Miss Fortescue
esently discovered to be Lord Richmond.
Quaker next attracted her attention. She
ought the figure was familiar to her; she
erefore kept her eye upon her, and soon
served her to be joined by the devil,
iom she knew to be Lord Allen. She
lowed at some little distance, saw them
into one of the smaller rooms, and
ire to a settee. Their conversation ap-
ıred to be interesting; and Miss For-
:ue was almost convinced that the fair
aker was Lady Richmond. She ap-
ıached to where they sat.

' Friend," said she, assuming the manner
ı Quaker, " I am grieved to see thee in
company of the evil one; how camest
u into so wicked a place as this? Thee

hast made choice of deceitful company; beware of the cloven foot."

She waited not for a reply, but immediately mixed with the crowd, which was now become intolerable. After some little time, she threw herself upon a sofa, where she had not been many minutes, were, to her infinite surprise, the Quaker came, and seated herself next her.

"Dost thee know me, *friend?*" asked she.

"Perhaps I do; nor is the title with which you honour me, misapplied. I would, fair creature, being older than thyself, and knowing more of the crafty and designing world, guard you against its wiles and deep-laid snares."

"Thee art very good," replied the Quaker, sighing heavily; "I thank thee for thy counsel, and will attend to thy caution."

At

At this moment the devil joined them.

"Come," said he, taking the Quaker's arm, "your promise remains to be fulfilled."

She rose, and turning towards Harriet, mournfully shook her head. She followed them with her eyes, and saw them engaged in earnest conversation; and as that subject was uppermost in her mind, she feared it concerned the money, that had been to her the cause of such real uneasiness. Nothing indeed could be more unpleasant than the whole of this evening to Miss Fortescue. With agonizing apprehension, she remarked the undisguised and pointed attention Lord Richmond paid to Donna Vittoria; nor was the close conversation in which the Duchess Infantado and Mrs. Grimalkin had been all the evening engaged, viewed without a secret pang.

Harriet well knew the mischievous and intriguing disposition of the last-mentioned lady: no wonder she felt apprehensive that misery might be the consequence.

Morning had long dawned before the company thought of separating. Each individual retired to their respective apartments, heartily fatigued with the amusements of the evening. Miss Fortescue could think of little else, but how to prevent her friend borrowing money from Lord Allen; or, if she had already done so, to get her to return it without loss of time. Sleep was entirely banished her eyelids; and she lay considering in what manner she could obviate the mischief, perhaps ruin, impending. At length she resolved to write, and communicate freely to Lady Richmond her strong and painful suspicions, and enclose her a draft for

for two hundred pounds; at the same time to entreat if that was not sufficient, that she would draw upon her for any additional sum she might want. The letter she wrote with affection, yet with steadiness; and as soon as the family were risen, and Lord Richmond gone out, she sent it by her maid. With the utmost anxiety she waited the result, and eagerly listened to every footstep that passed along. For half an hour she was kept on the rack of suspense, and had almost relinquished the hope of being sent for, when her door was opened, and Lady Richmond, pale, and in tears, hastily entered. She threw herself into Miss Fortescue's arms, and sobbed with terrifying violence. Harriet, by every gentle argument, endeavoured to sooth her agitated friend.

"Oh Harriet!" exclaimed she, "my kind, forgiving, considerate friend, what do I not owe you? Do not, Oh do not despise me!—indeed I will endeavour to be all you wish; nor will I take a single step farther, without first consulting you!"

A long and interesting conversation then took place. Lady Richmond said the money she wished to borrow, was to pay Mrs. Grimalkin, who had won above a hundred guineas of her; that she asked Lord Richmond for it, which he refused to give her, and that, from some sarcastic speeches that lady had made, she could not brook the idea of being her debtor; that Lord Allen, knowing all that had passed, and artfully finding out the cause of her uneasiness, pressed her to accept the money from him, which at first she strenuously refused, but, upon second thoughts, she wrote to say she should

should be glad to avail herself of his offer; that the instant she received her cousin's sensible letter, the glaring impropriety of her conduct stared her in the face, and she resolved to lose no time in restoring him the money she had borrowed; and that she had now come to pour her tears of penitence and gratitude into the bosom of her delicate and truly generous friend.

Harriet thought this too good an opportunity to be neglected, and therefore, in the most energetic terms, represented the dangerous situation into which she had been drawn, and earnestly entreated her to let the present humiliating circumstances steel her heart against a repetition of the like imprudence.

Lady Richmond saw the propriety, and felt the truth of these sensible expostula-

tions, and promised, for the future, to be guided solely by her.

Confidence firmly restored between the two friends, they parted mutually pleased, to dress for dinner; and met at table with more real satisfaction, especially on the part of Lady Richmond, than they had experienced for many months before.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me! Why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

SHAKESPEARE.

AS Adeliza continued to recover, she endeavoured to bring to her remembrance what it was that had reduced her to her present situation; but all she could recollect was, that she had seen a something on the terrace, which she idly fancied was her father's apparition, and that she threw herself out of the window, in imagination

to embrace it. Father La Merci continued to treat her with unremitting kindness, visiting her regularly every day; and he now ventured to the Duke, to pronounce her out of all danger.

One night, as Adeliza lay locked in the arms of sleep, she dreamed that her father stood before her: he looked pale and emaciated.

"My child," he seemed to say, "still persevere in the straight line of virtue which has ever guided your actions. Though malice may persecute for a while, goodness like your's must conquer. The path is narrow, and strewed sometimes with thorns; but still persevere—be firm."

As thus he talked, she shuddered to behold the Duke Garcias Moresco appear behind her father, and exclaiming—"Die, wretch!" he plunged a dagger to his heart!

With horror indescribable, Adeliza started from her uneasy dream: she raised herself suddenly in bed, when she heard her door open, and a foot slowly approach. In breathless expectation she awaited to see who should now appear. A tall figure, clad in a deep crimson gown trimmed with sable, a cap of the same, ornamented in like manner, with the hands behind it, stood now at the foot of the bed, and with fixed eyes gazed upon her. She was too much terrified, on the first sight of this figure, to look steadily on it; but as it did not speak, she ventured to remove her hand from before her eyes, and steadily regarding it, immediately recognised the Duke Garcias Moresco! Her heart sickened at the unwelcome sight.

"Oh wherefore," said she in terror and agony, "art thou come? Why do you

thus dreadfully regard me?—Is murder your intent?"

He muttered something, which to her was unintelligible, while she shook with horror and indignation.

"Will you not, Sir," said she, "tell me the reason of this intrusion?"

"Yes, yes, he shall be quieted—he shall tell no tales!" in an under voice articulated the Duke; "he shall no more poison my rest! She—aye, the north tower will keep her in safety—so, so, so——this shall do his business!"

His hands, which had during this time been held behind him, he now with a pistol in each, suddenly extended. Adeliza screamed, and shrunk beneath the bed-clothes. The pistols both went off; the Duke staggered a few paces backward; the pistols fell from his hands, while he with evident consternation exclaimed—

"Oh

"Oh God! what have I done?"—He stared wildly around the apartment.—"Where am I?" said he. "In Adeliza's chamber? How can this be?—Perhaps," said he in a voice almost convulsed, "I have done the bloody deed!"—With dismay he regarded the pistols that lay on the ground. He approached again the foot of the bed.—"If," said he, "you still live, Adeliza, speak to me, I beseech you!"

"Leave me, for pity's sake," said the agitated girl, "leave my chamber!"

"I mean no harm to you, child," said the Duke, much relieved by the sound of her voice. "My being in this room was quite unintentional: In my *sleep* I have acted as you have witnessed; but listen to my strict injunctions. I charge you that you mention not the accidents of this night to that hoary sycophant, the Father

La

La Merci; if you do, you shall bitterly repent of it!"

With these words he left her. To describe the situation to which she was reduced, would be utterly impossible: her mind was a chaos—her heart on the rack. She arose, and put on her clothes, though so weak, she could hardly support herself. Upon reflection, she saw it was evident that the Duke had walked in his sleep, and that the report of the pistols, fired by accident, had awoke him. But to be certain he was in the chateau, was enough to fill her heart with consternation—much more so when she fancied, from what had passed, she could form too accurate an idea of his bloody and inhuman designs.—But who was the *he* that he had alluded to?—Percy, she concluded. "Who else could he mean? Thank Heaven!" sighed she, "dear youth, he *is* far

far removed from the malice of this barbarous man! On me will he wreak all his vengeance: death would be preferable to what I now endure; but the will of Heaven be done! With humility I submit to its wise decrees."

Comfortless and exhausted, she gave free vent to the emotions that tore her sickened heart. It was late in the morning before she saw any one. At length Margaretta came.

"I feared," said Adeliza, "I was never to see any of you again; you are unusually late to-day, Margaretta."

"It was not my fault indeed, my dear young lady; my Lord Duke it was who prevented me, and he has sent away the good Father La Merci, as he says you are so much recovered, that his attendance is unnecessary. The Father wished much to

see

see you before he returned home; but this the Duke would not suffer. As I live, here comes his Grace!—Heaven and the blessed Virgin will surely protect so good a lady as you, Signora!"

It was indeed the Duke, who now entered the chamber.

"You are not wanted here," said he sternly to Margaretta, who silently withdrew.—"Doubtless," said he, addressing Adeliza, "you are surprised to see me here, most likely sorry."—She bowed assent, but spoke not.—"Presumptuous!" muttered he, while the colour mounted to his sallow face; "but I will be calm. I told you, Adeliza, when at Santa Fe, you should repent your disdainful treatment of me; but as yet I have done nothing more than threaten—as yet you have known nothing but comparative comfort."

"*Comfort!*"

"*Comfort!*" reiterated she, "surely your Grace does not understand the meaning of the term, or chuse to make a mockery of it. Does comfort consist in being torn from my friends, my conduct cruelly aspersed in travelling with ruffian Moors, exposed to every danger, and then doomed to solitary confinement? Are these comforts? If such they are, I have abundantly shared them; and for what, my Lord?—what have I done to merit such unprecedented, cruel treatment?"

"Where is the Marchioness?" furiously demanded the Duke. "Confess that, ere you can expect even mercy."

"I have before told your Grace, I know not. Adeliza Pembroke is incapable of falsehood."

"Dare not," said the Duke in a voice almost inarticulate, from the variety of his emotions,

emotions, "to provoke me still farther; you have already succeeded amply in that, and by your supercilious conduct, added tenfold to the hatred I have ever borne your family! Thank my good stars, you accepted not the offer I was rash enough to make you! How bitterly should I have repented, when I discovered to whom you owed your being!—Yes, yes, you are worthy of her!"

"I from my heart thank your Grace; for what you did not mean as a compliment, is, in my estimation, the most gratifying that could be paid me. To act as my adored mother did, will always be my pleasure, my pride, and my highest ambition; nor can I now be at any loss to account for the repugnance I felt at the idea of accepting your Grace's proffered hand."

"'Tis

"'Tis well; go on, insolent girl; but beware how you provoke me farther: confinement so mild, I see has not tamed your haughty spirit; but it shall be humbled—power and hatred shall both be armed against you!"

"I am not to be intimidated by your threats, my Lord," replied Adeliza steadily: "I put my trust in that Being who will not suffer the innocent to be unjustly oppressed, or will support them under it."

"Can the Power you, Madam, so arrogantly call to your aid, release you from the cold damp of a dreary dungeon?—Can He restore you to liberty?"

"Can your Grace *seriously* ask that question?—Oh yes, most assuredly, that Power who dissolves the bands of death, and sets the soul free, can surely deliver me from an earthly prison.—Yes, my Lord,

and

and a something here," putting her hand to her heart, while her fine eyes glistened with animated hope, "assures me I shall yet be free."

"These high-flown, idle, and romantic notions, Madam, may serve to amuse you where this night you are to go. Think not I am a trifler; no, though long in deciding, my resolves, once made, are steady and immoveable. No penitence, no entreaty, no tears could aught avail now, unless you will confess what you know of the Marchioness; do this, and your punishment shall be greatly mitigated."

Adeliza looked at him: there was a something in the expression of her countenance, that seemed to strike him forcibly; he turned hastily from her, but in an instant returning to her—

"Do you not answer me?"

She

She shook her head without speaking.

"Obdurate, infatuated young woman! you have then fixed your own doom; and in a dungeon, where all is silent as the grave, and as comfortless too, shall you linger out the remainder of your wretched existence! Are you not terrified at the dreary prospect?"

"I am not, my Lord; I have committed no offence worthy of punishment: the power you exercise over me, is equally arbitrary and unjust; and a time will come, my Lord, when all our actions must be accounted for.—How then will stand *your* account?"

"Dare not to talk thus to me!" said the Duke, his lips quivering with rage; "I came not here to be tutored by you. Prepare yourself for the sufferings I have pre-doomed you to. Here," continued he, while

while a malignant smile shot athwart his sallow visage as he drew something from his pocket, "is your favoured companion; he will no longer amuse your solitary hours."—He held the miniature of Percy before her.

"For mercy's sake," said Adeliza in imploring accents, "do restore me that treasure; surely, surely, my Lord Duke, you cannot have the barbarity to deprive me of *that?*"

He answered her not; but returned the miniature to his pocket.

"You defied my power, Adeliza; but you shall heavily feel it ere I have done.

"You had," said he, while his face assumed a livid hue, "you had, Adeliza, a *father.*"

She clasped her hands in agony.—"A father!" exclaimed she—"Oh, what of him?"

"Why

"Why sprung you from the window?" enquired the Duke.

Adeliza wildly gazed around her.

"Oh God!" exclaimed she, "to fly to his protecting arms! I fancied," continued she with a distracted look, "it was himself!"

"*It was,*" said the Duke in solemn accents.

She clasped her hands still harder, while she gazed on the Duke for an explanation of his mysterious words.

"Your father was confined here in this chateau: I confined, but I did not murder him; *that* was left for his infatuated daughter to do!"

"I kill my father!" said Adeliza, in a tone so piercing as to make the cruel man tremble, "I murder the best of fathers! Oh no, no!"

"You

"You did," replied the Duke; "you madly flung yourself from the window. How you came there, I cannot imagine. He saw you to all appearance dead at his feet, dropped down senseless, and never spoke more!—What think you *now* of yourself, Adeliza?—Who is the most to be condemned, I or you? I never murdered a father! This may be an entertaining theme for your remembrance when in confinement. There you may have leisure to repent:—hardly can you hope ever to make your peace with offended Heaven!"

Adeliza spoke not, sighed not, shed no tear, but sat, her eyes fixed, her hands eagerly clasped, the image of despair and horror! Yet she looked beautiful. Her hair had been suffered to grow in luxuriant curls round her face, which, on the Duke's first entrance, was pale as death; but now glowed

glowed with the most brilliant colour. Her fine eyes had an expression so keen, so intense, and yet so dazzling, as hardly to be viewed with steadiness; while her arm and hand, on which she leaned, were white as polished ivory. The Duke contemplated this highly interesting figure without any apparent emotion, though his heart secretly reproached him for the cruel part he was acting. Finding she did not speak, or seem to pay the least attention to what he said, he left the chamber, and presently returned with a man. He found our unfortunate heroine extended on the floor, bereft of every appearance of animation.

"Is she dead?" asked the man, as he raised her from the ground.

"No," replied the Duke, "she is only fainting. You may carry her where I gave

you orders this morning: it is as well to do so now, as she is incapable of resistance."

The man lifted the beautiful and lifeless Adeliza in his arms, and bore her along the passage, preceded by the Duke. After numerous turnings and windings, descending a steep flight of stairs, they reached a little low door. This was unlocked, and the heavy bolts drawn back by the Duke. This done, they entered a cell, where a mattress was upon the earth, on which the still lifeless form of Adeliza was laid. The only ray of light which was admitted into this place, was through a little grate in the door, which was now closed; so that when the Duke, with his ferocious-looking companion, left the place, and shut the door, they left the cell enveloped in darkness.

The

The Duke walked on with folded arms and hasty steps.

"Bernardo," said he, "you recollect all I have said to you; I think I need have no fears on that head. As a reward for your tried fidelity, take this"—He put a heavy purse into his hand.—"Be steady and resolute, and this may then be but an earnest of future benefits."

Bernardo bowed low, as with a greedy eye he surveyed this liberal mark of his master's bounty.

"Your Excellenza may depend upon me."

"I am satisfied," said the Duke. "Do you now as I before ordered you. Take Margaretta to the Convent; see the Father La Merci; tell him she is the person he has promised to take care of. Say also we leave the chateau this evening.—You delivered the letter safely?"

"I did, your Excellenza; and now punctually shall obey your orders."

"'Tis well," answered the Duke.

When Adeliza opened her languid eyes, all was dark; she knew not where she was; but this was to her a matter of indifference —a much heavier concern pressed upon her aching mind. She crossed her hands upon her throbbing breast, and with unutterable woe ruminated upon the cruel information the Duke had given her. All seemed like a troubled dream; but, alas! she felt too certain that her senses, bewildered as they were, had not deceived her. Then rose to her mind's eye the woe-worn figure of her murdered parent, murdered too by her!

"Oh most wretched parricide!" exclaimed she, shuddering at the frightful remembrance.

Hour

Hour after hour was spent by the forlorn Adeliza in bitter reflection. How strange, how unaccountable was all that had passed! How came her father to escape a watery tomb, only to be buried alive in a dungeon? How reached he this chateau? For what reason, or on what pretence could he have been confined? How came he upon the terrace, and wherefore did he look so earnestly towards her window? These were intricate and perplexing questions, unanswerable ones; but the idea that she had caused the death of this excellent parent—that by her precipitancy she had killed him, was an impression so horrible, as almost to overthrow her reason.

After many hours spent in this racking state of mind, she heard the sound of footsteps. She raised her eyes, and from

the feeble light which made its way into her dungeon, perceived that a grate in the door was opened. She saw the harsh countenance of a man, who, with inquisitive eyes, was surveying her. He remained silent, put something through the grate, closed it, and withdrew.

Adeliza did not rise from her mattress; but again laid her aching temples upon the hard pillow. A film overspread her sight, and she hoped and ardently wished that death would speedily give freedom to her harassed soul.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

Ask what is human life? The sage replies,
With disappointment low'ring in his eyes,
A painful passage o'er a restless flood,
A vain pursuit of fugitive false good,
A scene of fancied bliss and heartfelt care.

THE same party still kept together at Mount Pleasant, though some of the company began to tire of the country, and talked of returning to town. The Duchess Infantado and Donna Vittoria were the first who declared this their intention. As

soon as their determination was known, Lord Richmond said he thought by far the best plan, would be for them all to return to town together, for that business demanded his personal attendance; it was therefore settled that all should move at the end of the week.

Miss Fortescue, with unfeigned pleasure, perceived a marked alteration in the conduct of Lady Richmond. In her behaviour to Lord Allen, she was grave and distant; nor did Mrs. Grimalkin appear to be so prodigious a favourite as formerly.

One morning, as most of the party were gone out on horseback, and the others in their own apartments, Lady Richmond came tripping into Miss Fortescue's chamber.

"I hope," said she, "dear cousin, I am not an intruder?"

"Far

"Far from it; I rejoice to see you, dearest Caroline. Come, pray be seated; 'tis long since we have had a comfortable *tête-à-tête* together."

"It is indeed," sighed Lady Richmond; "but not entirely my fault. I much wish, my amiable Harriet, to lay my heart open to your friendly inspection. I know you will not too severely condemn me; therefore I am the more encouraged. Oh Harriet! infinite are the obligations I am under to you; for have you not saved me from shame and ruin?—Oh yes, there has, my Harriet, been a deep train laid for my destruction!—Thank Heaven, I have escaped the snare; but it is to your critical and kind assistance I am indebted for this. But I fear I shall fatigue you with the tedious story of my distresses."

"The confidence you repose in me, my lovely cousin," replied Miss Fortescue, "believe me, highly flatters me; nor can any thing that concerns your welfare, be but interesting to one who loves you as sincerely as I do."

Thus relieved, Lady Richmond went on.

"I think I may date my uneasiness from the time I gave Mrs. Grimalkin an invitation to my house. Her manners you know, when she pleases, are gentle and insinuating. You, my Harriet, who are possessed of sense and discernment, was not to be imposed on by the semblance of virtue: I, vain and silly creature, was the easy dupe to wicked circumvention. I had no idea she could have any possible *interest* in adopting the mode of conduct she did towards me; therefore I gave her credit for sincerity. From the encomiums she

lavished

lavished upon Lord Allen, I fancied he must be superior to any man I had almost ever seen. On being introduced, I thought him agreeable: his attention to me was flattering; I listened with a girlish rapture to his pretended adoration, when I ought, as a married woman, to have considered it as the greatest insult that could be offered me. I thought him enviable, and from his own account, believed I was the cause of great misery to him. I pitied him; but that was all—no warmer sentiment glowed in my breast; no, Harriet, weakly as I have conducted myself, I have ever loved, tenderly loved my own Lord, although my conduct, I fear, has in part contradicted the assertion. At different times, Mrs. Grimalkin has won such sums at cards from me, that even to you I am ashamed to confess their amount. I have regularly

discharged this sort of debts, till this last turn of ill fortune. I am confident I do not wrongfully accuse Mrs. Grimalkin, when I say she absolutely cheated me out of the last sum, and that it was a plan concerted between Lord Allen and herself, that I might be thrown as much as possible into his power. Several times I refused the money he offered to lend me; till, worried by the repeated hints I received from the lady, provoked that my Lord refused me the money I then wanted, and importuned by Lord Allen, I at last was persuaded to accept it; but this I speedily had cause to repent of. You, Harriet, witnessed the extreme familiarity with which he dared to treat me the morning of the masquerade, and which really shocked me. In the evening he proved himself not unworthy the character he had for

that

that evening assumed. I cannot repeat the humiliating particulars which then passed; suffice it to say that, as I had brought it on myself, I could not reprehend him in the strong language that innocence would have dictated. I took care, however, to let his Lordship know, that he had very dishonourably mistaken my character; and, after telling him my opinion, and expressing the detestation in which I held his conduct throughout, I added—'After what I have now declared, my Lord, should you dare to insult me with a repetition of your odious passion, I shall think it a duty I owe my husband, as well as myself, to acquaint him with what has passed.'—He smiled contemptuously as he answered—'Your behaviour, Madam, towards *me* would not stand the test of a very severe scrutiny. Why did you, Lady Richmond, listen

listen to my professions of love—smile with approbation at the rhapsodies I uttered—enjoy the idea of inflicting pain upon my heart? Was this proper—this the conduct of a virtuous, prudent wife? Surely your behaviour was, of the two, the most open to censure. As a friend, I would advise you to mention nothing of this silly affair to your Lord; he would only laugh at my having made love to you: but, if I know Richmond, he would be devilishly enraged at your listening with a favourable—nay, an encouraging ear to all my nonsense. Faith, I partly believe he would at this time be rejoiced to find occasion of serious offence in you, Lady Richmond. I thought you were a woman of spirit, and am sorry to find your ideas so contracted. However, the lesson you have now learned, may prove of lasting benefit,

benefit, and prevent, in future, mortifications of the like nature; so that upon the whole, I conceive you remain my debtor.'

"The air of easy assurance with which all this was uttered," continued Lady Richmond, "had on me the best, the happiest effect; for it completely opened my eyes to the folly and imprudence of my own behaviour. I thanked him for the advice he had given me, saying I hoped indeed to profit by it. So we parted, and now when we meet, are no more than distant acquaintances. This," continued her Ladyship, "is a confession I could not rest till I had made to you, my indulgent Harriet. For you I feel the utmost love, and I may say veneration. If, after what I have just confessed, you think it possible, I will ever henceforth endeavour to merit your esteem."

"I always loved you, my sweet Caroline," replied Miss Fortescue; "therefore I sometimes took the liberty of directing your inexperienced youth. What you have met with, is precisely what I foresaw: the lesson you have learned, though disagreeable, will prove salutary; and I doubt not but that I shall see my Caroline as prudent as I know her heart to be the seat of innocence."

Lady Richmond felt more gratified with this encouraging, though frank address, and which she knew was sincere, than by all the fine speeches she had ever had made on her extreme beauty and elegance, wit, sense, &c. by Lord Allen.

"My punishment," continued Lady Richmond, "is, I fear, not far removed, and a mournful change it will prove. Oh! Harriet! how sadly is my Lord altered of late! His whole soul seems devoted to

Donna

Donna Vittoria. How can she, my dear friend, be so cruel, independent of the wickedness, as to endeavour to seduce the affections of a married man?"

A faint smile shot across Harriet's face, while she significantly shook her head. Her Ladyship understood the reproof this conveyed, and said—

"Dear cousin, I stand corrected: 'tis indeed easier to condemn the faults of others, than to correct our own.—This I readily grant; but you know I am never to do wrong again."

"That I willingly believe," replied Harriet; "and I hope, from the very bottom of my heart, that all will yet go well."

After a little more conversation, they parted to dress for dinner, mutually pleased.

As

As proposed, the whole party left Mount Pleasant for town the latter end of the week. Lady Catherine Surrey and Lady Anna Feversham were become intimate friends and inseparable companions. Percy of course often visited the hospitable mansion of the good Duchess of Ormond. With grief the most severe, he heard of the mysterious disappearance of the Marchioness, and that his adored Adeliza was implicated as a party concerned. That she should thus err, he thought an impossibility; yet still he suffered the most poignant uneasiness on her account.

Those who have loved like Percy, can alone judge what were his sufferings. The shock was so great, that it brought on a violent fit of illness, and for some days his life was despaired of. How did his mother upbraid herself as the primary cause of this

this calamity; and how ardently wish that she had acted by Adeliza as she ought to have done, if not for humanity's sake, for that of her favourite son! She feared that, should he even get the better of this severe attack, grief would imbitter his future days, and corrode his generous heart. Her elder son, whom she had fondly looked up to as the honour and support of the house, was so far from answering to this, that he was now become the universal topic of defamatory discourse. Lord Richmond's house, horses, equipage, servants, liveries, wife, and himself were alternately the subjects of conversation and censure; while all agreed that a speedy and complete break-up must be the inevitable consequences of such boundless extravagance; yet still each of these *friends* kindly partook of the elegant entertainments he gave,

gave, consoling themselves that the addition of their single society could not *much* accelerate his ruin. Thus reasoned his considerate companions; but such is the way of the world.

The beautiful Spaniard, it may easily be believed, did not pass unnoticed; no, her conduct was the subject of severe animadversion. Wherever she appeared, crowds of adorers followed her fascinating footsteps: she engaged the adulation of the giddy, though she treated the men in general with an air of haughty indifference. Lord Richmond was, in the eyes of the world, her acknowledged favourite. He never left her side; she hung on his arm, talked, and smiled ineffably.

"Ye Gods! what a lucky fellow is Richmond!" exclaimed a highly perfumed beau, whose brown locks, sweetly brushed

out

out with honey water, curled in a bewitching manner over his small bright black eyes.—" By Heavens, I see nothing so particularly attractive in his appearance! What can that lovely creature behold in him?"—He cast his eyes towards a large pier glass, which most conveniently reflected his own pretty person at full length. A smile of the utmost complacency passed over his smooth face.—" Had she," said he mentally, " lavished her attention on me, it would have proved her discernment."—As he lolled against the wall on one leg, he threw carelessly across the other, his glass he drew from his bosom, and accurately surveyed his own elegant form, at the same time displaying to advantage the costly gem that ornamented his little finger.—" Egad," continued he, " the girl must be a fool, though devilish handsome!

handsome! Don't you think, Kent, she is cursed vain?"

"Without doubt," returned his companion.

"For my part," said the first, "I admire Lady Richmond infinitely more than I do the haughty Spaniard. Is she here?"

"Faith, I cannot tell; for all the world are, I think, crowded into these rooms to-night—'tis quite suffocating!"

"As I live," exclaimed the first, "there is Lady Richmond!—Poor thing! she looks pale!"

"She does indeed," replied his friend. "If she is so unfashionable as to have any regard for her husband, on my soul I pity her; for her happiness is in that case on the wane. She has been married but a twelvemonth, and all the immense fortune she brought, if I am not misinformed, is nearly

nearly squandered away; and then to be so cruelly neglected—faith, there is not one woman in ten who would not be revenged for these wrongs!"

"Oh gad!" exclaimed the other, "I bet you twenty to one she's off ere three months expire."

"I differ widely from you there," returned his friend. "Lady Richmond, though young, will not, I dare venture to say, act so imprudently; besides, she has a steady friend to direct her steps—faith! and a charming girl she is, though a little severe now and then."

"Why, Kent, you cannot surely mean that little shrew, Miss Fortescue?—She is as satirical as the devil; she delights in quizzing me."

Kent laughed, and left his friend to shake hands with Sir Armine Temple.

"When

"When did you arrive? How looks Paris?"

"Most agreeable at a distance," returned Sir Armine gaily. "In truth, I was rejoiced to get away. No place in the world like old England. But allow me to introduce my particular friend, Count Julian, to you."

The three gentlemen entered into an agreeable conversation.

"I must point out to you," interrupted Sir William Kent, "a constellation which has set the whole town in a buzz."

He directed the attention of his friends to where, surrounded by beaux, stood Donna Vittoria.

"Ah!" said the Count, "my fair cousin."

"By Heaven," said Sir Armine, "she is beautiful! Pray, Julian, do introduce me!"

"With

"With pleasure," answered the Count.

"Sir William, shall I do the like office by you?"

"You are very obliging, Count; I shall be extremely flattered."

With some difficulty the gentlemen made their way to Vittoria. She appeared glad to see the Count, and he presented his friends. Vittoria seemed greatly struck with Sir Armine: an ease and elegance shone in his manners, which, together with his prepossessing appearance, charmed the fickle beauty. His compliments she listened to with pleasure dancing in her dark eyes, and dimpling her lovely cheeks. In an instant her whole attention seemed rivetted on him; nor could she spare more than a monosyllable in answer to any one else. Lord Richmond vexatiously bit his lips.

"Upon my honour," said Sir William to Count Julian, "I fear you have introduced a dangerous rival. We shall certainly have a duel between these knight-errants."

"Bless me," returned the Count, laughing, "you cannot apprehend such serious consequences; besides, Lord Richmond is a married man."

"True, he is; but what of that? In these enlightened days the married of both sexes are the most free."

The Count shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head.—"Bad times indeed!" gravely answered he.

Donna Vittoria now beckoned to him. He obeyed her summons. She introduced him to Lord Richmond, who politely hoped he would have no other home but his house, so long as he should remain in England.

England. The Count would have evaded this; but his Lordship would take no refusal.

He was next introduced to Lady Richmond and Miss Fortescue, and was charmed with both ladies. He seated himself by them; and Sir Armine Temple presently joined this little party, though much against Vittoria's inclination.

"How could you, Sir Armine," asked Miss Fortescue, "summon sufficient courage to tear yourself from the fascinating society of that Circe?"

"Could there, charming Miss Fortescue, be to me a greater inducement, than to enquire after your health, and that of my amiable friend, Lady Richmond?"

"Oh Heavens! worse and worse, you old-fashioned mortal! I declare I am quite shocked. I did think your tour to the

Continent would completely have cured you of such rusticity. What, not forget your old friends? Well, I see you are not to be regenerated. I would advise you, however, to take care of your heart; the charms of your new acquaintance may prove resistless."

"Oh," replied Sir Armine, laughing, "I am too vain a fellow to fall *hopelessly* in love; but thanks, sweet Harriet, for your caution."

"You may stand in need of it, my saucy vain friend; for as I live, here comes the lovely enslaver. Take care; there's witchcraft in her eyes."

"I may be punished for my arrogance," replied he, laughing; "but I think I can safely defy all attacks from that quarter; I shall not be so easily caught."

"Indeed,"

"Indeed," said Vittoria, advancing, and who had heard the latter part of the speech, "Sir Armine, whose power is this you so confidently defy? Not Cupid's, I trust."

"I have so long exposed myself to the power of his shafts," returned Sir Armine, "that I shall not now cowardly shrink back, though so powerfully, so dangerously assailed."

A great deal more of this transitory trifling conversation was carried on with some degree of spirit; while Miss Fortescue secretly rejoiced in the undissembled mortification of Lord Richmond, whose eyes she hoped would be opened to the impropriety and coquettish lightness of Vittoria's deportment, and of course set before him the folly he was guilty of, in lavishing on her such marked attention.

CHAP. XVII.

Then, lovely mourner, wipe those tears away,
And cares that urge thee to decay;
Like ravenous age, thy charms they waste,
Wrinkle thy youthful brow, and blooming beauties blast:
But keep thy looks and brow serene,
All gay without, and calm within;
For fate is aw'd, and adverse fortunes fly
A cheerful look, and an unconquer'd eye.

YALDEN.

AN evening or two after the Marquis Almanza had taken leave of the afflicted Duchess of Ormond, he having received a letter from the Duke Garcias Moresco, informing

informing him that he had every reason to believe that Adeliza had made her escape, as she with Lady Anna and Captain Surrey sat mournfully talking by the fire-side, and hoping that Fortune would cease so cruelly to torment them, a servant opened the drawing-room door.

"A young lady," said he, "wishes much to see your Grace; but I would not admit her without permission."

"Oh Heavens!" in extreme agitation exclaimed the Duchess, "if it should be intelligence of my lost child!—That thought is always uppermost in my mind! Do, Philip, desire the young lady to walk up stairs."

A second time the door opened. Percy started from his seat, but instantly fell back again. The fair stranger timidly advanced, paused, and looked wistfully

around. A still deeper blush overspread her sweet face as she approached the Duchess, bearing in her arms something carefully wrapped up.

" Whence, my child, do you come?" eagerly asked the Duchess.

" I trust," said the female, in accents powerfully pleasing, " honoured lady, I am the favoured messenger of happy tidings."

" Merciful Heaven! I thank thee," said the Duchess, raising her fine eyes with devotion and gratitude. " My child, my Matilda! say, what of her?"

" She is, Madam, well in England—in London."

The strong tide of unexpected joy bore away the senses of the fond mother; and but for the timely assistance of her interested friends, she must have fallen to the

the floor. Percy, with tender solicitude strongly portrayed in his handsome countenance, supported her in his arms; while Anna, drowned in tears, and Lady Catherine, trembling with emotion, chafed her temples, and rubbed her hands.

"Alas!" exclaimed the lovely stranger, "how foolish, how precipitate have I been!"

Percy hastily turned, and fixed his eager eyes on her face.

"Do not my senses deceive me?" said he. "Surely that was my Adeliza's voice!"

This had struck all in the same instant; but no Adeliza then spoke. The sudden eager notice of the distressed party terrified the stranger; she fancied they regarded her with horror, as the murderer of that venerable woman.

"Do not, I beseech you," said she, "look thus on me: Heaven knows, I would sooner ten thousand times even die, than give uneasiness here! But look!" continued she, while her soft blue eyes sparkled with hope and delight, "she lives —her Grace revives! Yes," said she, pressing her little burthen close to her bosom, "she shall be blessed with a sight she little expects!"

She seated herself upon a little stool, while the group regarded her with curious eyes, wondering what would follow. Carefully unfolding something, to the astonishment of all, she discovered a sleeping baby, beautiful as a cherub.

The Duchess, being now perfectly restored, extended her arms. The interesting girl arose, and gracefully presented her little treasure.

"Bless,"

" Bless," continued she, as she put the sweet infant into the trembling arms of the Duchess, " bless, dearest Madam, your grandchild, the child of your dear, your divine Matilda!"

The Duchess sobbed her grateful thanks as she pressed the smiling babe to her throbbing breast.

" Oh, how truly happy am I at this moment!" exclaimed the beautiful stranger. She sunk on her knees before the Duchess, while smiles and tears seemed striving which should possess her countenance. Her hands were clasped, her eyes raised, her lips moved, as if in ejaculation. Suddenly recollecting herself, she sprang from her lowly posture; a rosy blush mantled over her face.

" Pardon, dear ladies," said she timidly, " my conduct; indeed I am very ignorant.

I fear I act foolishly; but my heart is so light, I hardly know what I do."

"Come," said the Duchess, "my interesting child, to my arms; tell me how I shall discharge the weighty debt of gratitude I owe you. The joyful tidings you bring, have raised me from the depth of despondency, to the highest state of earthly bliss; but tell me, when shall I behold my Matilda, my darling, my inestimable daughter?"

"In half an hour that pleasure shall be your's," replied the fair stranger. "May I go and conduct her, dear Madam? But you must not be too rejoiced. Will you promise this?" said she with artless earnestness.

"I do promise, my love; but you will not stay long, will you? May I retain this precious charge?"

"Yes,

"Yes, and I will fly: the coach waits at the door, and I shall be back presently; but I must have a kiss of my little darling, Ferdinand."—She embraced the infant, and tripped off, saying—"I go on the wings of love and joy."

Percy saw her into the coach, and returned. The picture that presented itself to him, was beautiful. The venerable grandmother with delighted eyes was contemplating her newly found treasure, a smile of grateful joy irradiating her fine features. Catherine and Anna stood before her, Anna leaning on the shoulder of her friend, and pleasure dancing in her eyes; while a smile dimpled her fair cheek, and displayed her fine teeth, as the infant strongly grasped one of her delicate fingers in its little chubby hand.

"Oh,"

"Oh," said she, "how I do long to see the little angel wake! Pray, dearest grandmamma, do trust me with it; I will be so careful, you cannot think!"

"You will wake him, my Anna, and that would be a pity."

At this moment the infant stretched out its little hands, and opened its sweet blue eyes.

"Oh Heavens!" exclaimed Lady Anna, "did ever mortal see any thing half so beautiful! How like my dear, dear aunt! I will, I must kiss it!"

"Sit down here, Anna," said the Duchess, "on this low stool, and I will trust you a little while with my precious babe."

Anna seated herself, and with sparkling eyes received her infant charge. The good Duchess of Ormond durst hardly suffer

suffer herself to breathe, lest she should dissolve the enchantment that now seemed to bind her senses.

"Did not, my dear Madam," said Percy, "the voice of that lovely stranger bring to your mind a lost friend?"

"It was," said Catherine, "exactly that of my beloved Adeliza."

"As such it struck me," said Percy, sighing.

"It did not particularly affect me in that manner," rejoined the Duchess; "but no wonder—I can think of nothing at present but my child."

"I cannot be surprised at that," said Percy; "but still farther led by fancy, I imagined I could trace a sort of likeness to my angel in the countenance of the fair stranger."

"Do

"Do you think so, brother?" said Catherine. "Why, her eyes are blue, and Adeliza's black; yet still when I think of it, there is a resemblance."

"True," said Percy, "and I trust in God we shall now obtain some intelligence of that injured excellence!"

"With all my heart, I join in that wish," said the Duchess; "for most sincerely do I love the sweet girl."

In less than half an hour a knocking at the door announced the approach of the so anxiously expected visitors. The Duchess trembled so, that she could not rise from her seat. The door opened, and the next minute the Marchioness was in the arms of her mother. When the first tumults of joy were subsided, the Duchess surveyed her daughter's altered form with a look of maternal solicitude.

"My

" My Matilda has been, I fear, very ill."

" I am now," said the Marchioness, while a tear trembling in each soft eye, partly contradicted the assertion, " quite well, my dear mother, and perfectly happy."

Percy, who from delicacy kept out of the room, now entered it; and the Duchess, judging from his looks of what passed in his mind, ventured to ask of the Marchioness—

" Where, my Matilda, is the lovely Adeliza?"

" At Santa Fe," said the Marchioness; then eagerly added—" Is she not?"

Percy groaned, from the cruel weight of the disappointment he had just sustained. It was, in truth, the death-stroke of all his hopes, and more than he could with any degree of firmness support.

" And

"And is this, Madam," said he with a settled despair in his looks, "*all* you know of my angel Adeliza?"

"*All*," mournfully replied the Marchioness. "Have you not lately heard from her?"

"Never," replied the Duchess, "since that letter which gave the account of the *fête* given by the Duke Garcias Moresco, in honour of your marriage."

The Marchioness turned pale as ashes; she snatched her baby from Anna's arms, pressed it close to her bosom, and burst into an agony of tears.

"For Heaven's sake, my child, be composed," said the Duchess; "all yet, I trust, will be well."

"Oh no!" sobbed the Marchioness; "has he not forsaken, abandoned me? With Ferdinand fled all hope of happiness from my

my widowed breast: never—no, never in this world can I know peace!"

"Dear lady," said the lovely stranger, throwing her white arms round the Marchioness's neck, and affectionately kissing her cheek, "did you not promise to be happy when restored to your amiable parent? Oh, do not then grieve! You know not how that makes the heart of your Constance bleed!"

"Sweet innocence!" exclaimed the Marchioness, "what do I not owe you? Here, take your nurseling; I shall endeavour to be calm."

"I am almost inclined to be jealous," said the Duchess: "I fear," continued she, smiling, "I shall find a powerful rival here."

"When," said the Marchioness, "I have related to you my little eventful history, I

am

am convinced you will love this dear girl, if possible, even better than I do. To her I owe my life—my reason; and now she has left all, to follow my adverse fortune. You know not what a treasure she is."

"You will, dear Marchioness," said the lovely blushing Constance, "make me quite vain.—Indeed, Madam," turning to the Duchess, "she does but flatter me."

"I am most willing to believe," rejoined the venerable woman, "that all my Matilda says, is but justice: I feel, sweet maid, I shall dearly love you."

"You are most indulgent, Madam," replied the gratified Constance; "and it shall be my earnest endeavour to merit so distinguished an honour."

"As to my story," said the Marchioness, sighing, "it is, though not long, yet important. I fear I am not equal to the task

of

of repeating it to-night; but to-morrow you shall know all, and I trust you will think I deserve pity rather than condemnation."

In this the Duchess coincided, and begged that all uneasy retrospection might for that night be totally banished. Percy soon after took his leave, fearing his presence might be a restraint. He returned home, with a heart racked by bitter disappointment, and oppressed with despondency; and immediately retired to his own apartment, desiring that no one might disturb him.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Oh, let not those presume to judge of joy,
Who ne'er have felt the pangs which absence gives:
Such tender transport those alone can prove,
Who long, like me, have known disastrous love;
The tears that fell, the sighs that once were paid,
Like grateful incense on his altar laid,
The lambent flame rekindle, not destroy,
And woes remember'd, heighten present joy.

MRS. H. MORE.

THE delight of having a beloved child restored, banished sleep from the eyes of the Duchess;—she could think of nothing but her unexpected and almost miraculous preservation,

preservation, and with the utmost impatience waited for the promised recital. She was, in her own mind, perfectly convinced of the rectitude and unsullied purity of her daughter's conduct; yet wished to have it in her power equally to convince the Marquis of it. She well knew he could not yet have left England, as from business he was constrained to remain a few days at Dover.

The next morning the Marchioness, before any of the family were stirring, was in her mother's chamber; but not till after the breakfast was over, did she begin her interesting recital. Turning to her blooming companion, she said—

"Do, my dear Constance, relate to my mother how first you discovered me."

"How strongly," said Constance, "will that day ever be impressed on my mind! I well

well remember my mother and I had prevailed on my father to allow us to go and pay a visit to my mother's sister. I had got my little bundle in my hand, and with my parent walked on merrily. We had a good way to go ere we reached a river, where we were to take a boat. As I walked cheerfully along before my mother, I perceived a something white laying by the road side. I instantly went to see what it was, and, to my astonishment and great alarm, discovered it was a female. I screamed, and my mother came up to me. With her assistance, I raised the sufferer from the cold earth. Oh Heavens! how piteously she looked!—'Dear lady,' said I, 'what ails you?—what can have reduced you to this comfortless state?'—She did not answer me, but burst into tears, and hid her face in my gown.—'What shall we

do?" said I to my mother.—'It would be cruel to leave her,' returned she.—'Leave her!' reiterated I; 'no, never, never will I be guilty of such barbarity!'—'I will go with you,' said my excellent friend here. 'If you leave me, I shall be killed. I can walk a long way ere I drop,' continued she, rising; but this with the utmost difficulty she did.

"We were now within a very few paces of the place where the boat lay, and then even in the grounds belonging to the Castle of Santa Fe. To the boat, not knowing what better to do with her, she was conducted. When we reached it, she eagerly pressed forward to get first in, saying, she should go to her dear afflicted parent. We evidently saw that her intellects were deranged; but that only rendered her the more highly interesting.

As we sailed up the river, she laid her head on my bosom, and fell asleep. I carefully covered her up, while my mother and I consulted what could best be done in this strange business. She said we had been highly imprudent in bringing the lady away, as she must belong to the Castle of Santa Fe, from being in the grounds belonging to it, and that to us the consequences of such a rash step might be dreadful.—'Be that as it may,' was my reply, 'we have now gone too far to recede. I am certain my aunt, whose heart is warm and affectionate, will admit this distressed female into her little dwelling with pleasure.'—'You answer for a great deal more than you have any possible right to do, Constance,' said my mother angrily; 'however, take all the blame upon yourself.'—'That most willingly I will do,' answered

answered I, 'and nurse her with the solicitude of an affectionate sister, trusting that the great God will restore her to reason.'

"Here our conversation ceased, and in silence we proceeded up the river. I saw with sorrow that my mother was displeased; but though grieved for it, I could not repent of what I had done. It was late the second day before we reached the place of our destination. The dear Marchioness had spoken but little; yet that little served to let us know the sad state of her mind. I saw she was very ill, and trembled for the consequences. With the utmost difficulty, after leaving the boat, we got her, supported between us, to the cottage. My aunt opened the door; she was astonished, but, as I had predicted, she received us with a hearty welcome. A few words served to explain all we knew concerning

the dear lady. She was perfectly satisfied with the account I gave, and kindly promised every assistance in her power. With a little nursing," continued the lovely narrator, " we had the delight of seeing our interesting charge restored to her senses. This was to me the happiest event of my life. Of course, the amiable Marchioness regarded every thing around her with an eye of curiosity. When I thought her sufficiently recovered, I ventured to relate to her the manner in which we became acquainted with her. The thanks bestowed on us for an act of common humanity, quite overpowered me; for surely in this case the joy I experienced, ten thousand times overpaid me."

The Marchioness kissed the sweet affectionate girl, and went on with the narrative herself.

" To

" To describe, my dear mother, the xtreme kindness—nay, love, with which ıese hospitable souls treated me, would e impossible. Had their existence de-ended entirely on it, they could not have ıewn more anxiety to comfort me. As ɔ my Constance, she, night or day, never ɛft my bedside, but watched me with the ffection of a sister. When I found myself ufficiently recovered to talk, I thought I ıwed it to my kind preservers, to tell them ow I came into the situation in which they ound me; but still I thought prudence emanded this should as yet be kept a ecret. I therefore begged Constance to esire the rest of the family, consisting of he mother of my sweet girl, my bene-olent hostess, the good Yolanda, and a enerable old man, father of both, might ome to my little apartment. They did

so, and I repeated to them all I thought necessary to be known. The good creatures heard my recital with wonder and tears, promising that my being there should be concealed.—' Indeed, lady,' said the old man, ' we see not a strange face once in two years; but, at all events, you may depend on our silence.'—With the warmest gratitude I reflect on the providential escape I had met with; for I could not, on my wandering from Santa Fe, have got above a hundred paces; nor could I have remained long in the exhausted condition in which my humane Constance found me. As the time of my confinement drew nigh," continued the Marchioness, ' I thought it would be most prudent to remain where I was till that should be over; and after, please God I recovered, to set out immediately for England. My Constance and

I now

I now busied ourselves in preparing for the reception of the little stranger. Sometimes she played to me on the lute, or soothed my melancholy with her sweet warbling.—By the bye, my love," said the Marchioness, suddenly addressing Constance, " you never yet told me how you came by your exquisite skill in that instrument."

Constance sighed deeply; the blood suffused her cheek, then suddenly retreating, left it pale as ivory. Tears trembled in her eyes, as hastily she walked toward the window. The Marchioness, being surprised and grieved that she had caused her any uneasiness, thought it best not to appear to notice it; therefore went on with her little history.

" The first time I heard my Constance play, it brought to my mind a circumstance

that at once conveyed pain and pleasure to my heart. She it was who, at the *fête* given by the Duke at Santa Fe, crowned me with a garland of flowers, and so strongly excited the curiosity and admiration of Adeliza and myself. I would now have given worlds to have it in my power to send that dear girl intelligence of my retirement; but that was a plan I could find no means of putting into execution. I had for a week been extremely unwell; and Constance, in spite of my entreaties, would all night watch by me. I well remember, after a debate on this subject, we were alarmed by visitors. All of us kept as quiet as possible, lest we should be discovered. Yolanda informed us it was only two Moorish soldiers, and a young female along with them. She talked much of the beauty of this stranger; but I was too ill

to

to attend to her account. She told us also that they were going forward in two hours; but a tremendous storm coming on, prevented their intention, and we heard with dread they were to remain all night. Constance sat up with me, as usual. Towards morning the warring elements ceased their contention; the sky cleared, and the moon shone delightfully. Constance, judging I was tolerably easy, having fallen asleep, took her lute, and softly stole down stairs. As she passed the chamber-door, (her own in truth), where lay the stranger, she felt an irresistible impulse to have a sight of her. She cautiously opened the door, and finding all still, ventured on tiptoe to the bedside, and there she told me feasted her eyes with the view of one of the loveliest creatures she had ever beheld. Did you not, dear Constance?"

"I did indeed," replied she; "never in my life did I behold such exquisite beauty, such enchanting sweetness; and then her hair, and her hand and arm! The moon's silvery beams shone directly upon her; and but for the colour in her lips, she was, to all appearance, marble of the most exquisite workmanship, the finest polish. I did steal a kiss from her lily hand; and I could have gazed on her for hours, but I feared she might wake, and I be discovered. I therefore quickly, though reluctantly, left the chamber, and went down to the garden. I tried my lute; but I could draw no music from it. My mind being absorbed in thought of her I had just left, I walked on toward the wood, angry with myself for such romantic folly. I again had recourse to my lute. Presently I heard my name called by Yolanda. The dear

Marchioness

Marchioness rushed on my apprehensive thoughts, and I flew to obey the summons. It was as I expected; and the following morning the lovely Ferdinand was born. All thought of the interesting stranger was swallowed up in my anxiety about the Marchioness. Some days passed before I even once thought of her. I then learned from Yolanda that she left the cottage by break of day. Yolanda talked of her incessantly, wondering how so delicate a female came to be travelling without any companion of her own sex, and with two such ruffian-looking Moors: we could only try to guess the reason."

"As soon," said the Marchioness; resuming the history, "as I found myself sufficiently recovered to think of taking a journey, I began making enquiry how I should best be able to effect it. Learning

that the easiest and safest conveyance would be by water, this I immediately resolved on, though the prospect which presented itself was a dreary and comfortless one. A plan I had much at heart, but I could not summon courage sufficient to mention it, was, as you, my dear mother, may guess, to get this amiable girl to accompany me; but, much as I wished this, I could not propose it. To go alone, however, with my infant, was impossible; I therefore asked Yolanda if she could tell me of any one who would be tempted to accompany me to England, where I would with thankfulness liberally reward their services. Yolanda said she thought she could help me; but she would let me know more in an hour. I thanked her, though secretly grieved no mention had been made of my dear Constance.

" I trust, my friends, you do not condemn me for not at that time thinking of returning to Santa Fe again; but indeed I shrunk with unspeakable dread, from the idea of meeting alone my incensed Lord. I well knew that, could I gain shelter under the hospitable roof of an indulgent parent, should the Marquis be disposed to hear my defence, and take me back to his arms, all might be explained to his entire satisfaction. Thus are my motives unfolded for coming to England, in preference to returning to Santa Fe.

" But to resume my story. With the utmost impatience I waited for the reappearance of Yolanda; but how shall I express the joy I felt, when in her hand she brought my Constance!—' Will you,' said the dear girl, ' allow me to go with you? Oh, do not refuse me!'—' Refuse you, my love!'

love!' replied I; 'no, I am indeed delighted, though I durst not ask for so great a treasure.'—In short, it was speedily settled that she should be my companion: at the same time I could not help wondering that her mother could so readily part with her, and questioned her on the subject. She answered me she was very poor, that her husband was a harsh man, and often lamented the expence he was at in keeping his daughter at home.—'He has,' continued she, 'a son, who is a great favourite, and, I am sorry to say, he never took much to Constance. Of late it has been worse than ever for the poor child: she disobliged her father greatly, and he swears he never will forgive her. As to myself,' said she, 'I am thankful, dear lady, that the blessed Virgin has so ordered things. I shall, to be sure, be very sorry

to

to part with my child; but as it is for her benefit, I will not repine.'

" No time was lost in preparing for our voyage. As we could meet with no conveyance, we were constrained to walk some miles, accompanied by our old man as guide. We soon had the satisfaction of descrying the river Guadalquivir, on which we were now to embark, and had to wait a day or two ere we could meet with a vessel. In the course of that time, hearing of one bound for Gibraltar, and finding we could be accommodated, we parted from our friendly guide, and left only promises, alas! in return for the signal kindness and generosity I had so richly experienced; as the little money I had about me, I was obliged to reserve, to defray the expences we must unavoidably incur. We went

went on board; prosperous gales wafted us along. The Captain of our little bark was humane and attentive. My infant remained in good health; and kind-hearted Constance was the very best of nurses, the sweetest of friends and comforters. We reached the Straits of Gibraltar, where we had the good fortune to fall in with a merchant vessel, homeward bound, which took us in. And now, my dearest mother, after all our dangers and fatigues, here we are arrived in safety to your arms. Apprehensive of the consequences of suddenly paying my duty to you, I sent to prepare you, my gentle messenger and my darling infant first.

"My history, dear mother, is now finished; but not, alas! my sorrows!"—She burst into tears.—"Pardon me—these tears

tears will fall to the cruel remembrance of past joys, fled now—Oh miserable thought! —for ever from my eager embrace!"

"Do not despond, my love," said the Duchess, much agitated; "I trust in God all will yet be well. What, my Matilda, will you say, when I tell you that but three days have elapsed since the Marquis Almanza was under this roof?"

The Marchioness clasped her hands, and cast her eyes to heaven; the colour faded from her cheek; with one hand she then covered her eyes, and extending the other, as if in supplication, exclaimed in a voice, almost inarticulate from the extreme of agitation—

"Came he to seek his once loved Matilda?"

"*Yes!*" replied the Duchess.

There

There was a something in pronouncing the little monosyllable *yes*, that conveyed more delight than language could express. The Marchioness with tender transport embraced her mother, and sobbed her grateful joy.

"But," said the anxious parent, "a short, a very short time, my child, I trust will elapse ere you are folded to the heart of your reconciled husband, restored to his perfect confidence, his never-to-be-altered esteem."

"Oh!" said the Marchioness, while tears fast coursed down her pale face, "grief, distress, misery I have suffered with fortitude; but even this anticipation of joy is too great to be borne with composure!"

A messenger was instantly dispatched to the Marquis at Dover, in hopes that he could not have yet left it. Constance

was by the Duchess and Lady Anna regarded almost as a being of a superior order; her attentive, her unexampled kindness to the Marchioness being a ceaseless theme of grateful thanks; but, independent of this, the beauty of her person, the softness, simplicity, and elegance of her manners, must have gained her the love of so amiable a circle.

As in the evening they sat together, Constance dancing her little charge, and Anna frisking round her, the Marchioness anxiously calculating how long it must be ere she could possibly obtain any intelligence of her Lord, the door opened, and the Marquis, pale as death, rushed into the room! The Marchioness shrieked, and had he not caught her in his arms, would have fallen to the ground.

" My

"My Matilda! my dearest wife!" exclaimed he frantically, "will you not look on me?—Oh God! I have killed her! wretched, infatuated man as I am! Will not my injured love look once more upon her repentant husband?—Barbarous that I was, how could I ever suffer base suspicion to enter my breast?—how harbour a single thought against such purity and excellence as thine?"

She now, opening her eyes, saw the anxiety and love with which her Ferdinand regarded her.

"Oh Heavens!" sighed she, "this, this is bliss indeed!"

To describe the scene that ensued, would be impossible; love, transport, remorse, and gratitude struggled in the repentant Marquis's breast, as he gazed on the

the care-worn face of his much-loved Matilda, and pressed the little cherub she presented him with, to his paternal breast. Every unpleasant reflection was completely banished; while delight and renewed joy filled every self-satisfied bosom.

The reason of the Marquis's unexpected return was simply this. On his arrival at Dover, he accidentally heard that two ladies had just come from Spain in the vessel he was going to embark in; and upon farther enquiry, was almost convinced that they must be his long-lost Matilda and her friend, Miss Pembroke. Full of hope, he set out for town, where he arrived as quick as high bribery and four fleet horses could carry him, and by that means passed the messenger on the road. The pleasing result we have just related, and

therefore shall for the present take our leave of this transported, grateful, and happy group.

END OF VOL. III.

LANE, MINERVA-PRESS, LEADENHALL-STREET.

Just published,

A TALE WITHOUT A TITLE,

BY

EUGENIA DE ACTON,

IN THREE VOLUMES, 12MO.

Price 12s. sewed.

Various changes of fortune in the life of Lady Laura Warburton, from the firſt inſtance of her relations' cruelty in conſigning her to a veſſel bound to America, to her final eſtabliſhment in England, and her marriage with Mr. Conyers, excite a conſiderable portion of intereſt in the reader of theſe volumes. The author takes frequent occaſion to introduce, in a ſprightly and agreeable manner, reflections of a ſerious nature; and ſentiments which, although little congenial with the *ſpirit of the world*, are, in our opinion, congenial with the ſpirit of true religion. The reader will queſtion our approbation the leſs in this particular, when we farther inform him that this author is a diſciple of the Reverend Robert Fellowes, whoſe "Chriſtian Philoſophy," and other publications, we announced in former Reviews, in terms of high and merited commendation. It gives us much pleaſure to find, on retroſpection, that our preſent opinion of this lady's merits, as a writer, coincides with that which we offered on a former production from the ſame pen.

Monthly Review, October, 1804.

Just published,

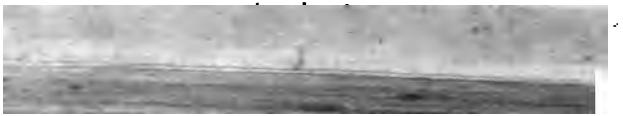
MONSIEUR BOTTE,

A ROMANCE,

BY PIGAULT LEBRUN.

IN THREE VOLS. 12MO.

Price 12*s. sewed*

This novel, in its general character, reſembles 'My Uncle Thomas,' yet its peculiar faults are leſs glaring; we laugh with more glee, and with leſs reproach from our judgment or ſubſequent reflections. M. Le Brun ſeems fond of painting violent and obſtinate men; and 'M. Botte' is a milder copy of 'Thomas' in a different rank of life. The moſt delicately drawn and beſt contraſted characters are thoſe of Horeau and M. Botte. That of the Marquis is well ſupported. But the great acuteneſs of the author is conſpicuous in the under character of William. We have never ſeen better management. He is well diſcriminated, and never appears but when his peculiar talents are required.

Critical Review, October, 1804.